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MAY 50 CENTS CDC

THE BRUBECK STORY

LIVELIEST STREET IN NEW YORK

June Wilkinson

Photographer's Private File: JUNE WILKINSON By Russ Meyer



"A Miss Enright has returned all your gratuities, sir!"

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The pretty, freckled redhead on CAPER's inside cover this month is Jeonne Patrick. As far this picture, you'll just have to take our word for it that Jeonne's a redhead. But if you want to find out for yourself, turn to page 60. There, in full color, you'll see Jeonne's full beauty. Between this picture and those, however, are many more — 54 pictures, in fact, and 32 of them are of girls. There's your money's worth! And if that isn't enough, there is plenty of good reading, too, plus CAPER's cartoons. Have fun!

caper

May, 1959 Vol. V, No. 3

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flip shop . . .

The Most

Dear Caper:
 Of all the mags on the stands, yours is the most.
 Seymour Freilich
 New York, N.Y.

Dear Caper:
 Just a few words to say your latest issue is the best yet. All the contents (photos, articles, etc.) are excellent. Keep up the fine work.
 John T. Haynes
 Chicago, Ill.

South of the Border

Dear Caper:
 Phooey on B.B. and the other French gals. After looking at Chita Romales in the March issue I'm ready to watch Latin movies any day.
 Robert Baset
 Nampa, Idaho

...And North

Dear Caper:
 What's the idea of the brunette kick? That last issue [March] is full of brunettes: Chita Romales, the Jamal Twins, Chelo Alonzo. What gives?
 Allan Howes
 Dallas, Texas

• What did you do, skip the redhead, Rusty Fisher, and our blonde, Shirley Falls, in the same issue? —Ed.

A Universal View

Dear Caper:
 Your boy Charles Dennis ["Guide to a Man's Mind," March] must have read my mind or else he swiped the X-ray my doctor took of my head when my wife hit me with a beer bottle (when she caught me chasing a blonde waitress). Anyway, the illustration is now glorifying the wall of my den.
 Walter Kramarsky
 Brooklyn, N.Y.

On Vacation

Dear Caper:
 I was planning a vacation at the time I picked up your March issue. I suddenly realized there were many exciting places in the world to visit: London, the cool Pacific — all mentioned in that issue. But your front and back cover really convinced me. I'm off for Egypt if that's what I'll find!
 Bob Lovejoy
 Detroit, Mich.

Odd First Names

Dear Caper:
 I liked the feature, "What's In A Name," in the March issue. Would you print a picture of my girl? She's got both a pretty face and an odd first name.
 David Stanwood
 Tacoma, Wash.

• Sure enough, Dave. Send the picture along. Anybody else got a gal with an odd first name? —Ed.

"DIVE FOR PENNY, 'SIEUR?"

A little black figure stood in his dug-out canoe watching Theodore Putz. The Negro's knees and spindle legs stuck out from dirty khaki pants torn ragged at the thigh. A grin as wide as his neck showed a bright set of teeth which snapped together each time he blinked his eyes. The fragile thing of a boat in which he rode bobbed up and down in pathetic contrast to the white hull of the luxurious ocean liner against which it bumped from time to time.

It was two in the morning and the harbor of Port-au-Prince nestled in the plush verdant crescent of the surrounding hills. A pale moon dropped a shaft of light over it all. On deck Mr. Putz looked down at the young Haitian who had remained after the other "bum boats" had returned to shore. Mr. Putz, too, was alone. All the rest of the cruise members had deserted the decks of the "Caribbean Empress." Many had requested early morning calls for their last day in the Antilles before the ship headed for New York. One of the ship's officers walked by nodding goodnight.

Theodore Putz had been drinking and the white dinner jacket he wore was stained across the lapels. He was tall and well-built with a slight stoop to his shoulders. His forty-three years were well camouflaged by his black hair and unwrinkled face.

The boy in the "bum boat" shouted up again, "I dive bien, good diver, I show. You drop penny, nickle, argent, I dive — maybe trade. 'Ave fine mahogany tray; you give fifty cents, 'sieur?"

Mr. Putz grinned like a fox eating dead fish. He leaned far out over the rolling ship and vomited, catching the boy squarely. The cascade shocked — and wet — him. To avoid further humiliation the boy jumped into the water and swam just out of range. The boy floated on his back cursing Mr. Putz in a Creole dialect which Mr. Putz could not translate. Mr. Putz finished his joke and retired to his stateroom. It had been a fatiguing day.

Early the next morning launches were already carrying passengers to the pier. The roar of Chrysler engines woke Mr. Putz with a start. He lay in bed adjusting himself to where he was. An open porthole faced the blue-green expanse of water and, miles off, in the distance, the Isle of Gonaïve appeared like a speck. Mr. Putz dressed, tipped his Panama straw at an angle and strode up the ladder to the waiting launches. He boarded one and it almost immediately started and turned for shore.

He glanced at the others on board, annoyed at their shrill laughter. Whatever possessed him to come on this ridiculous cruise with these photo-snapping, balloon-bellied morons and their over-painted wives? he thought.

He preferred being alone — watching sordid exhibitions in the back rooms of decrepit bars explored in decadent native quarters reeking with slime and rot and filth; drinking and whoring till his eyeballs looked like roadmaps; betting on

(Continued on page 4)

BAMBOUCHE

Mr. Putz wouldn't join the other tourists in "doing" all the typical places. He had something better to do

BY EDUARDO CORTESE

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL SANCHEZ



cock-fights and cheating the native book-makers when he lost. He in no way felt drawn to groups from the cruise who bound themselves together in fours and sixes and "did" all the typical places so colorfully pictured in the tourist brochures.

A spray of salt water kicked up by the gentle pushing of the launch brushed his face and the side of his gabardine suit. Mr. Putz saw gar fish dart away from the launch and then circle back in its wake, with their pointed snouts looking like squads of soldiers drilling with bayonets. He bullied the fish by waving his hand over them to form a shadow. They scattered about dancing an underwater jig for his pleasure. When he tired of this Mr. Putz flung an old piece of bilge jetsam at them, aiming at one who appeared to be the leader.

As the launch neared the pier, Mr. Putz could distinguish Haitians crowding each other in an attempt to meet the new arrivals. Most of them toted pieces of mahogany and baskets and garishly decorated pottery and hats. Taxi drivers and guides wore coats and pants and even shoes, and argued among themselves about the rights of who came first. When with a practiced deftness the launch eased into a mooring and the first tourists began scrambling ashore, all intra-native squabbling ceased, and the tourists were then covered with a swarm of sweating, smiling Negros anxious to please and ready to barter.

Mr. Putz hesitated until the last of the ship's guests had alighted. The visitors marched off down the pier. The Haitian traders straggled along on the outside of the pack, each one shouting a bit louder than the next, but not quite convinced that it was the proper time to grab a prospect by the lapels and shake fingers in his eyes.

However eager he was to satisfy his peculiar curiosities in Haiti, Mr. Putz knew enough to bide his time until after the mass of tourists had well blended into the streets of Port-au-Prince. A launch captain reminded Mr. Putz that the last boat back to the "Caribbean Empress" would depart at 12 midnight, and handed him a booklet on Haiti and a slip of paper with the American Ambassador's name and address on it.

As Mr. Putz expected, a handful of natives was still waiting on the pier. One of them—a boy of about eleven—stepped forward when he

recognized Mr. Putz. The others, mostly stevedores and dock-workers dispersed quietly and sought various shady places to escape the sun which glared relentlessly from a steel-blue sky. They were content to wait for the next boat load.

The boy called out, "Hey, Joe!" "You talking to me, burr head?" "Oui, boss. You remember last night?"

"Last night? What are you talking about, last night?"

"Remember boy in 'Bum Boat' you wet over side? Ce moi, boss! No hard feelings, boss. I tres bon guide, boss. Show you best places in town. Cheap too, boss."

"So you're the little nigga. Sure kid c'mon. Show me this town."

The boy grinned wide and happy. He identified himself as Corneille Maginat, but liked being called "Musque."

Mr. Putz rubbed Musque's head for luck then set off—the boy skipping along two strides for every one of Mr. Putz'.

"Listen," Mr. Putz said as they left the pier, "I want to see some of the real life of this Island, see. None of your King Tut's Tomb nor the view of the harbor. What about this voodoo business I hear so much about; and some of those high yellow dancers that are supposed to be so beautiful, huh?"

Musque's face wizened into a mask of knowing judgment. "Ah, you tres luckee you find me, 'sieur. Tonight when sun set beeg, beeg Bambouche by Pere Djon-Djon. I take you."

Mr. Putz opened his shirt collar. "What about the girls?"

"My sister dance, 'sieur. She finest dancer. She tres jolie—veree nice. I fix, boss."

Of course they did see some of Port-au-Prince during the day. Little Musque led Mr. Putz into the tumbling, lax life of the Haitian capital.

From the pier Musque took Mr. Putz to the Iron Market where peasants and urbanites bartered over skinny chickens and gourds brimful of coarse meal and baskets of avocado, cassava, corn, and banana. Marchandes, some who had walked 25 miles with wares balanced on their heads, set up temporary shops on sidewalks hawking meats, fruits, vegetables, laces, straw and sisal goods, bobbypins, delicate objects carved from tortoise shell, and religious paintings drawn with primitive sharpness and disregard to perspective—

a Negro Virgin and Child, a black Christ crucified.

Mr. Putz and Musque bought two bottles of Coca-Cola from the automatic machine and bowls of rice and beans which they scooped up and ate with their fingers. Soon the little fellow became more of a trusted companion than a precocious guide for Mr. Putz.

Musque picked out two plump sour-sops. He bit into one showing Mr. Putz to beware of the seeds. They shared a gourd of refreshing coconut milk. Mr. Putz gave the woman an American dollar and told her to keep the change. A whole dollar being more money than she would probably see for the next three months, she blessed him with a vigorous gesture made with her left hand, which gave Mr. Putz a mystical satisfaction of being protected.

Musque stopped a jitney bus, one of the gaudy, festooned type. It was named "Boucanier" and was striped red and white and green. Mr. Putz pushed in beside an elderly Haitian covered with red, pusoozing cancers of yaws. He stared a while, magnetized by the horrible, bubbling, butchered face, certain of the inherent evil which he imagined lay in the soul of this bewitching land. Here, indeed, was a country where he could grovel in and sate his foul desires. Putz smiled at Musque who sat on the running-board. They drove up a boulevard lined with palm trees which traveled out of the city and wound its way through narrow, chopped streets crowded with stucco houses. Scrawny children scampered out of the way only to be cursed by natives on mules who kicked at the nude urchins.

When they came to a sign which said "Hotel Bassin Zim," Musque called the driver to halt.

"We shall wait here till mon ami Hyppolite Paix comes later. He take us to Bambouche," Musque explained.

The Hotel Bassin Zim was dark inside and smelled badly of onions and goat dung. There was a low bar set up over two empty barrels and a door which led to three rooms in the back. Musque walked up to the bartender and whispered in his ear. Putz went to a table. Musque came back to the table with a bottle of white rum and two glasses. Putz poured out the liquor and they both drank.

He saw a native troubador come
(Continued on page 22)



"Well, I finally did it! This calls for a speech!"

Photographer's Private File: **JUNE
WILKENSON**



PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUSS MEYER

Eighteen-year-old June Wilkinson is a 43-21-36 beauty who says her ambition is "to become famous one way or another, preferably acting-wise." Currently one of the hottest new-comers in Hollywood (she's just finished *Thunder in the Sun* for Paramount), June got her start when a producer saw her at a dancing school. Her first role was the child in "Little Red Riding Hood." Before captivating Hollywood, June scored in her native England in movies (*Backstage at the Windmill*), theatre (the Moss Empire Circuit), television (a series on BBC), and night clubs (Venice, Embossy, and Churchill's in London have all been pocked because of June). She's doing a few turns in American clubs now, appearing with a new Spike Jones show. Reviewing it when it was at Horroh's in Lake Tahoe, *Variety* said, "Well-stocked June Wilkinson more than provides the femme touch."





Variety added this comment to its review of the Spike Janes show: June's "walk-an non-speaking part is strictly an orb-popper." Well, if you want to get an idea of what an orb-popper is, glance around this bit of copy to the pictures on these pages. An orb-popper. As for the pictures on the left, they give you an idea of June's favorite way of relaxing: sunbathing. Her favorite sport happens to be swimming. She keeps in shope, tao, by turning on her phonograph and daing o few fast steps around the room. Incidentolly, she says her favorite music is "beat." Her ideal mon: "dark, shart, well-mannered, cansiderate, kind." The description fits yau? June adds one mare qualification, however: "He must be in shaw biz."





Who's

an Intellectual?

BY JOHN KEATING

What thoughts go through a stripper's mind? You'll be surprised!

MIDWAY THROUGH the recent movie version of Rodgers and Hart's *Pal Joey*, Rita Hayworth, playing a stripper-turned-society-matron, is conned into giving the stuffy audience at a high society brawl a sample of her Minsky-nurtured art. Miss Hayworth never gets very far with her shedding—more's the pity—but she does get to belt out an updated version of the stripper's satirical soliloquy called "Zip!" Stalking sexily around the ballroom, panels flying and hips twitching to an almost-bump, Rita gives the white-tied-and-tailed crowd a peek into what used to go through her mind as she worked down from evening gown to G-string.

"Zip! Walter Lippmann wasn't brilliant today.

Zip! Will the Giants ever take it away?

Zip! I consider Dali's painting passé.

Zip! Will they make the Metropolitan pay? . . .

I have read the works of Plato,

Translated most of Cato.

Zip! I am such a scholar . . ."

The tune, as originally conceived by the late Larry

Hart in 1941, was a tribute to—and a genial spoof of—Gypsy Rose Lee, undoubtedly the most intellectual lass ever to bare her bosom in burlesque. Gypsy, who had just had her first novel published and was spending more time on the lecture platform than on the Minsky runways, was an authentic egghead who astounded society with her witty and erudite remarks much as Gene Tunney had impressed boxing writers with his knowledge of Shakespeare a couple of decades earlier. In Hart's lyrics, the stripper's thoughts while taking it off touched lightly on such subjects as the philosophy of Schopenhauer, Stokowski's conducting, Washington Irving, the Cabala, James McNeill Whistler and J. J. Shubert. A real deep-thinker.

Well, after extensive, purely sociological research into the ruminations that ruffle the minds of Gypsy's successors in the art of ecdysis, I have to report that they just don't make 'em like that any more.

Most of the girls, I discovered, don't have any thoughts at all—they have enough trouble keeping their minds on their next move. The strips who work

theatres are either too hot or too cold. If it's summer, the air-conditioning either ain't or it conks out—"I have the feeling sometimes that I'll melt right out of my pasties." In the winter . . . well, as one girl, thinking of a blustery week in Montreal, wistfully murmured, "I kept thinking, wouldn't it be nice if they liked me in long red underwear as well as they do in my frosty blue skin." As for the dolls who work the clubs—and with the decline of theatres, the honky-tonks are the best source of employment for the shedding sisterhood—they usually have their minds on the next John and how much champagne they will be able to promote, for it's the sale of the bubbly (for which they reap a commission of a dollar a split) rather than the success of their on-stage act that in the long run determines how long they'll be kept working in the joint.

There are exceptions, though. One of the loveliest is a beautiful, 24-year-old blonde named Rita Grable, whose name sounds like a press agent's inspired mating of Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable but is, believe it or not, her very own. One of the most sought-after stars of strip society, Rita can and does turn down jobs where the peelers are expected to be B-girls or wine salesmen first and performers second.

"I'm an entertainer—I've got cards in Equity, AFTRA, AGVA and the Screen Actors Guild—so why should I hustle wine all night and make cozy chatter with a lot of characters I never saw before and will never see again and most of whom I wouldn't be caught dead with?" is the G-string Grable's attitude.

"When a club owner signs me, he gets a professional act. That's what he's paying for and that's all he's going to get."

Rita, who was initiated into the take-it-off trade by the indestructible Georgia Sothorn, is probably the only stripper who is a member of all four of the major entertainment unions. She was a tap-dancing veteran of the club date circuit in her native Brooklyn by the time she was eight. After graduating from New York's High School of Performing Arts, she got a job in the chorus of a club in Baltimore, dug the economic advantages involved in taking it off as a featured performer instead of hoofing in the chorus.

"The main thing I used to think about as I was taking it off was, 'Wouldn't it be wonderful if there

was a Hollywood scout out front and he saw me and liked me and signed me to a contract,'" she went on. "That was kind of what the act is about—my music includes 'You Ought To Be In Pictures' and 'Oh, Lord, Please Make Me A Star.' It took an awfully long time but finally it happened last year.

"My agent had shown my pictures to this man from the Coast and he came out to the club in Brooklyn where I was stripping. Only my agent hadn't had a chance to tell me about it, so when this fellow came back to my dressing room and asked me if I was interested in being in the movies, my only thought was 'Get lost, junior!' Lucky I didn't say it out loud!

"The next thing I knew I was on my way to Hollywood with a contract from Universal and a part in a new television series they were making. It was called *Trackdown* and I played a dumb blonde gun moll. Everything looked just great. I was going to their acting school, the series looked fine, I figured I had it made. Then you know what happened to Universal. They shut down the studio and that was that. [The studio has since resumed activity.] I sent my strip costumes out to the cleaners, called up my agent and started taking it off again."

Now, as she languorously undresses while climbing on and off a chaise lounge, Rita's thoughts are liable to be drifting wistfully over the Hollywood hills or the casting offices of Broadway or Madison Avenue. (She starred for a season on the road in the Jayne Mansfield role in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* opposite Eddie Bracken, and has done dozens of television shows.)

"But you know what my big dream is, so far as stripping is concerned," she said. "It's something I think about a lot when I'm working. I'd like to hire Carnegie Hall for a night. I'd have the Stan Kenton band on stage, all dressed in white tie and tails. A really big band, maybe 40 or 50 pieces. They'd play a few numbers first, to sort of warm up the audience, then I'd come out. I'd be completely nude except for this filmy sheet, and I would improvise the way a good jazz musician does. My dancing would be like a tenor sax or trumpet solo. It would be completely improvised, I'd do whatever came into my mind that would blend in with and interpret the music. I think it would be beautiful." (Continued on page 56)

Planned Vacation

BY STUART JAMES

Back to Earth . . . to the girls. He'd heard about them, but never seen one

IT WAS CARL'S first annual leave since his assignment to Lunar II at the age of eighteen. Eight years cooped up in the neby-laelectric plant spinning through space — 96 months with 24 other technicians — and at last he was eligible for a vacation.

He had thought briefly of returning to his home on Celestia, but the brochures he had received from Central Comman extolling the pleasures of two weeks on Earth had won him completely, and he hastily packed his bag, his heart thumping with anticipation. The Inter-command supply rocket arrived on schedule and he stepped aboard and presented his credentials. He went to his seat, was tightly strapped in, and sat back to review in his mind what he had read about Earth.

His knowledge did not go far beyond the Great War, but he knew that there had been a civilization of different tribes that constantly waged war with one another and that finally they had blasted their entire civilization out of existence and reduced their cities to rubble. And he knew too about the small group of scientists who had boarded a rocket before the blast and had landed on Celestia to create the new civilization.

Carl, like everyone he knew, had been born at Central Semination on Celestia. He had grown to boyhood in a Proctor Division and when he went through his encephlogrammic tests, he had been classified as an electrical technician and trained through the newest methods of recordial thought transmission. "Going to have yourself a time, eh?" Carl looked up into the smiling face of the co-pilot. He returned the smile. "First trip down?"

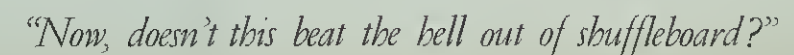
(Continued on the following page.)

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO OILLON

It was many years later that the first Celestial Research Team returned to Earth to see if anything could be salvaged for the new civilization. These men came back to Celestia with a tale of a primitive society existing on Earth—survivors of the war. They told stories of how these people, shorn of automatic comforts, had reverted to a life of wanton sensuality. The stories of carnal extravaganzas spread throughout Celestia, and when Central Command received a flood of applications for Terrestrial Research, they decided that something would have to be done about it. They set up a station on what had once been New York and developed a vacation plan for all

But two scenes caught his eye and he stood rooted in the street. There was a small plot of grass like a miniature park. A dozen men, disheveled and unshaven, eyes red and faces pinched with agony, were lying on the grass, nursing half-empty bottles to their bosoms and bringing them to their mouths to

(Continued on page 28)



Cigarette PSYCHOLOGY



A



B



C



F



G



H



I



D



E

The way a man holds his cigarette — along with such personal gestures as how he walks, sits, his nervous habits and hand motions — is a sure sign of his inner self. So says a Los Angeles psychoanalyst, Dr. William Neutra, who looks for the ways patients hold their cigarettes. It helps expose — or at least give a clue to — many otherwise hard-to-dig-up facts needed in treating the patient successfully. On these two pages are seven examples of what Dr. Neutra has found out about men; also, two examples of ways women hold cigarettes. Curiously enough, however, the cigarette psychology doesn't work on women. According to Dr. Neutra, women are so affected naturally in their regular posture that they're more often than not too conscious of how they hold a cigarette, and therefore useless as subjects for this experiment.

- A. Just a guess for this female mannerism: insecure, afraid to lose that cigarette. She probably holds on to her mon like glue.
- B. Typical grasp of a female bored with her date. She has to concentrate on the tip to keep from yawning.
- C. Dr. Neutra claims this man is an intellectual, a very brainy type of guy, a contemplative character.
- D. This person is generally unreliable, weak, hard to live with, and inclined to excessive lying.
- E. Very tense individual, direct, straight-forward, inclined towards stubbornness.
- F. A hail fellow, well-met character who enjoys high living. Sort of the Texas millionaire type.
- G. This guy's abviously daring, calculating, literally likes to "play with fire."
- H. A dreamer, always off on a tangent.
- I. Very pessimistic, excessive in business caution.



DAVE
BRUBECK'S
MUSIC
IS
THE
KIND
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LISTEN
TO
WITH
YOUR
EARS,
PERCEIVE
WITH
YOUR
MIND,
TRANSLATE
WITH
YOUR
FEET

The Sounds of Brubeck

BY ARTHUR J. SASSO

OF ALL THE ivory-hunters who manipulate the '88s in today's expansive jazzitorium, no one has ignited more exhilarating excitement or contagious controversy than one David Brubeck. It is not the man so much as the music he creates that has made him the most jawed-about pianist in every jazz-oriented burg from Hollywood to Hoboken. Brubeck, an avant gardest from the word Kenton, places an almost mystical significance on improvisation. Except for an occasional prefab opening and closing on a tune, Brubeck and his Quartet can be relied upon to scoot off on paths untrodde each time they perform. He avoids the written note like a guy perpetually haunted by the prospects of serving a lifetime with Lawrence Welk. Other jazzmen improvise, of course, but likely as not they revert to memory and use a conditioned solo as a crutch. Brubeck, on the notion that improvisation is good for the soul and good for jazz, continually drives himself and his group into uncharted passages of musical imagination.

Stentorian spokesman for various jazz cliques have claimed, depending upon what opinion is fashionable at the time, that Brubeckian jazz doesn't swing (or it swings like crazy), is too cool (or too hot), too intellectual (or just regurgitated bop), is here to stay (or is from nowhere), is the livin' end (or the least). But no matter what the opinion, it's easy for the listener to say, "That's Brubeck music." It makes little difference whether the revelation is padded with praise or studded with thorns. The jazz he creates is as individualistic as a finger-print.

The jazz concept that Brubeck has mothered does not protest against other jazz forms as it does against mirrored dullness and cliché-cached presentations that are often palmed off in the name of jazz. At its acme, jazz by Brubeck swings as frantically as any of its contemporaries (Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, Stan Getz, Shorty Rogers, to name a crew), but once the rod gets incandescently hot, it proceeds to emit sparks that arc off in all directions. A Bachian counterpoint may be introduced in a perfectly legitimate pop-hued tune; later eight bars may be improvised from a theme from Stravinsky's "Petrushka" or the Quartet may meld into a skeletonized translation of "Look For The Silver Lining," and finalize the fare by making judicious and personal use of the theme from an RKO newsreel. It is this going-in-all directions motif that has made Brubeck the apple target for every critical archer to twang away at for more than seven years now.

Brubeck maintains that his ideas are reproductive and reflective of the American scene. One of screaming jets and hot-rod drag races. Of quick, grab-life-in-a-hurry existence. Whatever the image, the jazz he compounds is complex but paradoxically free. It meanders along, makes a u-turn up an improvisatory stream, and still eddies into a persistent pattern. It sometimes suggests a runaway cyclotron that threatens to atomize but never quite does. What characterizes jazz — Brubeckian jazz — is the maintenance of hair-spring tension between heady improvisation and realistic order, between airy freedom and dutiful discipline. The end product, as George Avakian, jazz expert at Columbia Records, pointed out at a recent gig, "is that the meat of each performance has to sizzle at the moment of playing. Each Brubeck clambake, whether in the recording studio, at a room, or in the middle of a jazz concert is totally and fantastically unpredictable."

Brubeck rarely discourses on the whys and wherefores of his music. But he has an almost fanatical devotion to the art of jazz. Like the guy who stopped hitting himself over the head with a hammer because it felt so good when he stopped, Brubeck isn't happy with himself until he takes periodic doses of self-criticism. He'll often refuse to put a recording session on a master because he honestly feels that it's not truly representative of the story he's trying to tell.

Brubeck, however, is totally touchy to external criticism especially if it comes from jazz musicians on the other side of the hall — those who regard his music as being heretical in nature and somewhere off on an unmarked sideroad of jazz. They protest his lack of funky swing which they claim is a pristine part of the unadulterated jazz feeling and methodology

of playing. Brubeck repeatedly denies that his presentment lacks swing. He regards himself as an authentic jazz voice crying to be heard.

Brubeck explains: "The only thing that jacks-up my blood pressure is when these criticisms are blasting at everything we do — everywhere we play. Some critics say we don't swing. I say we always swing — sometimes we don't swing very much, but it's always enough to be considered jazz. Some critics say our touch is heavy. They say we go in for piano pounding on almost everything we do. That's a lot of nonsense. I can name a couple of dozen tunes we do that serve as ready contradictions. 'Stardust' and 'Audrey,' for example. Each guy in our group expresses himself differently in each song. If occasionally we sound heavy, it's because the mood we want to create is a heavy mood. We want to create all kinds of moods in our music, not only the mood that some critics want to be conditioned to. I've personally tried to remain free of every restraint in jazz. I exercise the freedom of choice in a legitimate jazz climate. I think I've succeeded most of the time. My style, if you want to call it that, is purely a resume of all the musical experience I've been exposed to."

When you attend a typical Brubeck seance, the air crackles with a host of wondrous sights and sounds. Alto saxman Paul Desmond, drummer Joe Dodge, bassist Bob Bates and pianist Brubeck account for the varied conditions. Brubeck, gimlet-eyed and solemn as a preacher at the last rites, proceeds to feather-dust the keyboard with notes plaintive and pure. The rhythmic thump and plunk of the drum and bass momentarily play ping pong with the acoustics and tag along with the notes before they fall away. Some semblance of order and harmony starts to ooze out and you detect a melodic line that's teasingly close to "The Way You Look Tonight." Desmond's alto sets the stage for the miracle play that is to follow. With eyes closed in contemplation, his angular fingers read the mother-of-pearl keys in Braille, and he proceeds to develop a motive from Stravinsky, which, before you become atuned, flows into a humorous takeoff on "You'll Wonder Where The Yellow Went." While Desmond's clutch is so engaged, Brubeck dots the 'I's and crosses the 'T's with facile flicks at the keyboard. He listens with head cocked, savors the line for a moment, nods his head knowingly and gallops off with the message as his slightly-scuffed brown suede shoe plays heel-and-toe with the floor boards. With somersaulting fingers, Brubeck flits along for a moment on rungs of a melodic ladder that reaches up to a lyrical plateau. Here he runs on to an almost breathless sixteen-bar phrase and finally trots into a rhythm that is precariously close to what some critics have described as "coherent cacophony".

"When Dave is playing at his peak," says alto sax man Paul Desmond, "it's a powerfully moving thing to put your ears and mind to. It's fully free, right-at-the-moment improvisation in which I find all the qualities about music I like, the dynamics and force of simple jazz... harmonic puzzles... lyrical lift..."

This is the type of jazz group calisthenics that jazz editor Nat Hentoff has described as "A kind of synergistics which is without parallel in the entire field of music". Critic John Hammond noted, "Brubeck's music is complicated and extremely cerebral but has tremendous drive and surprising warmth". It's this recipe of jazz that the Quartet whips up three to four hours a night when they are on tour and which nets them up to \$3,000 a week.

Back in '46, Brubeck's arching ambition was to become a composer. He played piano in several West Coast cabanas and studied with France's famed Darius Milhaud at Mills College. Milhaud ingrained Brubeck with counterpoint and polytonality. He zealously convinced him that jazz improvisation was as genuine for him as selective improvisation of toccatas and fugues was for Bach. From this trenchant treatise by Malhaud, Brubeck found himself an Everest to climb: to show that improvisatory jazz was a realistic and progressive art form.

The music he proceeded to play was decidedly avant garde but it was all Brubeck. Saxophonist Desmond likes to tell of the time he first played with Brubeck and how he almost walked out on him: "We decided to play the blues in B flat, but the first chord Dave played was G major! It scared the hell out of me."

In 1951, Brubeck's newly-formed Quartet served their apprenticeship in fertile California fields where a crop of other progressives were starting to pop their buds: Stan Kenton and his crew including bugler Shorty Rogers, arranger Pete Rugolo, hide tanner cum laude Shelley Manne and French hornist John Graas. Chet Baker was giving off irradiant blasts on his trumpet and Gerry Mulligan, like a stateside muezzin, called the faithful to assembly with hefty swigs from his baritone sax.

By 1952, the West Coast was America's jazz Mecca and Brubeck officiated at services in such clubs as the Blackhawk and The Haig. Then came



recordings on the Coronet label and subsequently on Fantasy, a company he started. Record promotion, disc jockey weight-lifting and personal tours outside the California corridor soon made the Brubeck Quartet a named and famed group that drew bouquets and brickbats with equal enthusiasm. The Brubeck clique from California grew to a coast to coast crowd that appears to be getting more vocal by the day.

Brubeck has a loose and unpretentious manner that belies the strong tension that's seething below. Since he never articulates the same way twice on the keys, he is under the self-imposed pressure of having to conjure up new music immediately and continually. He and Desmond appear to share most of the burden of inventiveness in the unit. When they are in heat, a notion in Brubeck's upper chamber is mystically transmitted to Desmond without as much as a nod. There is an empathy about the two that makes them singularly suited to one another's creativeness. Before they sit down to mix a batch they may lay down the strategy something like this:

Desmond: "Any ideas?"

Brubeck: "Well, let me take an eight-bar intro..."

Desmond: "Then I'll play counterpoint to you, and you take it from there, but where do we start?"

Brubeck: "Why don't we just kick it off and keep things moving and see what happens?"

Desmond: "Crazy!"

After such lucidity, words serve to confuse matters. They start swimming free style in a maelstrom of ideas and are continually buoyed up by an instinctive aural device they mysteriously describe as "the third ear." Their mutually perceptive abilities are so atuned that sometimes they may both switch musical courses at the same time when they feel that the idea of the moment has been picked clean.

The road Brubeck travels is a lonesome one, one that is dramatically different from other jazz producers. He has a deep-rooted want for understanding and acceptance by critics and musicians alike.

They agree that the system is getting honed to razor sharpness each time they perform. Brubeck says, "Most everything we handle is pyramided on the tune, and each chorus is sort of laminated to the one before it. If things work out the way we want them to, you can't help but go farther out all the time."

Despite his studied safari into other melodic dimensions, Brubeck makes every effort to bring the audience into the music he plays. "They help us create the sounds they are hearing. Sure, our music is complicated and elusive. But an audience should use its imagination to the same degree the performer uses his. There are different kinds of audiences, of course. Some are only interested in whether we swing or not. The only thing I can say to them is that there is no one specific way to swing or communicate a jazz feeling. Different types of jazz outfits from New Orleans to the West Coast have proven that. Besides, whether a piece swings or not depends on the personal likes or dislikes of the listener and what he is looking for in jazz. Something may not swing for you but it can swing like crazy for someone else."

And while Brubeck wants to be in communion with the audience, he feels that they should respond in kind with indivisible attention. There should be no boisterous joking or talking, no table hopping, no eating or drinking unless it's absolutely necessary. His personal ground rules for audience attention are not compounded out of pure egotism. Rather they derive from the soul-pacifying seriousness he has about his creativity. Desmond and the other members of the Quartet have long since become conditioned to Brubeck's inflexible feelings about inattentive audiences. At one of their earliest dates, where the audience happened to be more obstreperous than observant, the Quartet, without Brubeck's knowledge, had a sign painted which read: "Quiet Please, Genius At Work." It got laughs and also the intended result. Brubeck continued playing from then on to a tamed and tranquilized room.

Such measures are rarely called for nowadays. Nowadays people listen. They may not always comprehend. But they listen in wrapped attention. They listen in minikin dens and carpeted concert halls, at festivals al fresco and at clubs swirling with smoke. They listen at Zardi's in Los Angeles, at Storyville in Boston, at the Red Hill in Jersey, at Basin Street in New York. They listen to a jazz that is free flowing and challenging. Exciting jazz. Subtle jazz. Brubeckian jazz. The kind that you listen to with your ears, perceive with your mind and translate with your feet. □

in and sit down. Mr. Putz flipped him a half dollar and the man began singing and playing his wretched guitar, flaked and eroding from the salt in the air. Musque told Mr. Putz the man sang about a beautiful Princess in a land far away who was brought to Haiti as a slave. She fell in love with a handsome soldier. And when the master found out, he had the soldier killed because the master loved her, too. When the girl discovered her lover's death, she ran to the top of Bonnet a l'Eveque and threw herself to her death.

The melancholy folk music disturbed Mr. Putz and with the native rum erupting inside, he walked up to the poor man who was singing and kicked the chair out from under him. The troubador sprawled on the floor—the resonant box of his guitar twanging. He jumped up, tried to smile and limped out of the Bassin Zim, brushing the dirt from his clothes.

"What'sa nigga know about love?" Mr. Putz mumbled to himself.

Throughout the rest of the afternoon, Haitian couples would walk through the Bassin Zim and into the rooms in the back. Mr. Putz was growing impatient, and imagined what was going on in the back.

Little Musque from time to time tried amusing Mr. Putz with card tricks, and assuring him that Hyppolite was coming.

Around 5:30, after Mr. Putz had growled through a dinner of pork chops prepared with pimento and lemon and served with toasted banana, which he grudgingly enjoyed, Musque announced the arrival of Hyppolite Paix who would lead them to Pere Djon-Djon's Bam-bouche.

Hyppolite directed them to an ancient jeep. After they had all settled into it, Hyppolite raced the motor and bucked off, with Mr. Putz and little Musque holding on very tightly.

Once again they drove through the city and took the road to Petionville in the mountains. At Petionville the road turned sharply south through tropical flora and passive hill country to the town of Kens-coff. Here after reaching the eastern outskirts of the village, they abandoned the jeep and started climbing the mountainous giants that reached up over them.

It was not yet night and the deep pine forests cooled them as they walked along. Native thatched cailles would suddenly appear in the jungle in the space cleared by the peasant who watched them as they silently marched by, Hyppolite leading and little Musque flapping along behind. They crossed a wide savannah of sweeping long-stemmed grass which tickled their calves and made Mr. Putz' spine creep, thinking of all the crawling, eely things that waited for him, then entered a velvet-textured world of palms, tamarind, juniper and breadfruit trees, with the majestic poinciana, tall as an oak and ablaze with crimson blossoms, towering above them.

From afar Mr. Putz heard the native tambours beating out the call for the Bam-bouche. It was an incessant thumping which made the fragile orchid petals tremble as they neared. Birds cawed down on them or flew away startled. The night ate them up.

Now they were closer Mr. Putz saw a huge fire in the middle of a clearing about 70 feet in diameter. Squatting or standing Haitians swayed and hummed and sang with the music. They were mostly young people dressed in their finest clothes. Many wore white pants with a shirt tied at the waist. The women let their hair hang down over their shoulders and had frangipani flowers tucked in over their ears. Some had by now approached a state of frenzy during the ritual dancing.

Hyppolite had vanished and little Musque crouched up to Mr. Putz who was beginning to feel the excitement stirred by the drums and the tambourines. A powerful native drink called tafia was being passed in a jug from mouth to mouth. It was strong and raw, distilled from sugar cane, and shook Mr. Putz as he drank it. Even Musque shivered after a long pull. Mr. Putz laughed at the boy.

The firelight bounced off the ebony bodies of the dancers covering them with eerie, delightful tones which fascinated Mr. Putz. More dancers joined in the hypnotic trance which was capturing them as they whirled, and jerked, and spun again, their eyes rolling or wild with passion.

Then the drums stopped. The dancers quickly returned to their

places in the circle around the fire. All was silent except for the snapping flames and an occasional yelp of a pariah dog.

The natives in the circle opposite Mr. Putz now suddenly stepped aside. Approaching them was an entourage of Haitians among whose number he noticed Hyppolite, proud and tall. Musque pinched Mr. Putz on the leg and pointed out his sister whom he called Jeanne Marie.

She was like an exquisite statue chiseled from rare obsidian. A simple white cotton robe pressed smooth against her body, exaggerated her warm contours without subtle delineations. Her extraordinary light blue eyes glared brilliantly from obscure pupils faded almost black. There was a vibrant, young quality to her step as she blithely paraded along, gliding barefoot over a rocky path.

Mr. Putz wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and slid his tongue across dry lips.

Imperiously following her courtiers, a pre-historic relic of a crone shuffled behind. Two brass rings hung from her ears. The flesh on her face and arms was like the bark of the cedar; her fingers and wrists were covered with jewelry and bracelets; and the purple kerchief twisted over her shriveled head seemed a ludicrous crown, needlessly opulent.

"Mamman Oiseau, Mamman Oiseau," the dancers shouted.

They led her to a throne of bamboo and mahogany and there Mamman Oiseau chanted a weird liturgy to the spirits of the wood and the water and the earth and the sky. Her voice boomed and squealed, and sang and echoed. The tambours began again.

The dancers were moving with more elaborate motions now. As Mamman Oiseau continued her anthem she would rub two blossoms from the indigo plant, or taking handfuls of earth she would pound her clenched fists together.

Around the fire the young dancers were lost in the hysteria of the flamboyant ballet and the inference of Mamman Oiseau's gestures.

Mr. Putz, released by the excitement of the dance and the erotic impulse which gripped him during this primitive ceremony, capitulated to an atavistic state of sublime delirium. The drums and legs and Jeanne Marie's pink-nippled breasts drove him quite mad.

(Continued on page 36)



"Sorry, Sis, Jack said he couldn't wait!"



Some clubs go in for odd decorations, or feeble reach for atmosphere. But most West Third Street clubs provide atmosphere of a mere dawn-to-earth sort: girls, going as far as New York City law allows.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HERB FLATOW



52ND STREET MOVES DOWNTOWN

The music and the strippers have a new home. They've moved lock, stock and G-string to New York's Greenwich Village

One of the clubs, the Village Paradise (or "paradise," depending on which sign you see first), covers its face with provocative pictures, leaving room for one small window and a sign proclaiming "Continuus Entertainment." Next door is a New York University frat house, and beyond that, another club, the Heat Wave.



By day The Street is much like its neighbors. But at night, it becomes as gaudy and noisy as any fun-lover could want.

JUST ONE YEAR AGO New York's brassy, unpredictable, sensuous, insane 52nd Street died a noisy death. It didn't die to the noise of the jazz and strip music that had made it world famous — those sounds had been fading for years; rather, it died to the noise of building wreckers, turning the brownstones into parking lots and gleaming glass fronts of day-open businesses. For the New Yorkers who liked such things — and especially the out-of-towners and the convention-goers — the question was: "Where do we go from here?"

The answer: Bohemia-land, the city's Greenwich Village, where the bop, jazz and strip music has found a home alongside restaurants, bookstores, and coffee houses on West Third Street. The boom is on — downtown. By day, The Street — West Third — is similar to its colorful and quietly-quiet neighbors. It begins at Sixth Avenue, with a typical neighborhood movie house. By day, its strip palaces are dark. Life is seen around the shops and restaurants; The Street is crowded with housewives out doing their shopping, and New York University students, whose classrooms border the northern side of The Street, a few blocks east of the movie house.

By night, the college students, though still around, are outnumbered by the "Village" types — girls in treader pants and erratic pony-tails; scraggly youths growing beards. The housewives are home; now The Street gives way to businessmen, out for what they once found on 52nd: a brassy, unpredictable, sensuous, insane good time.

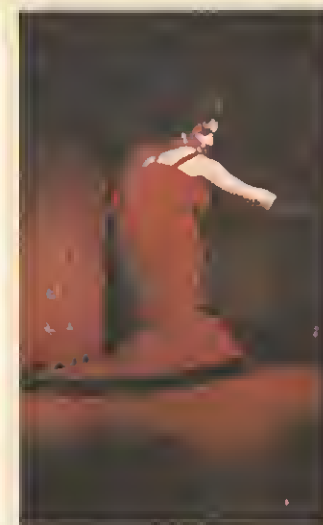
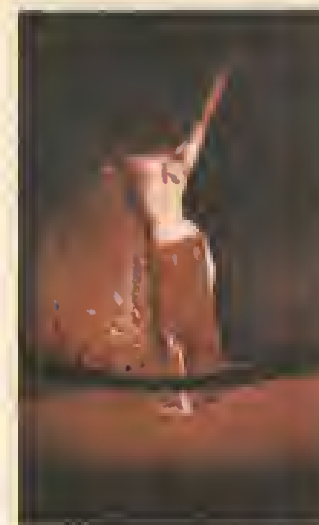




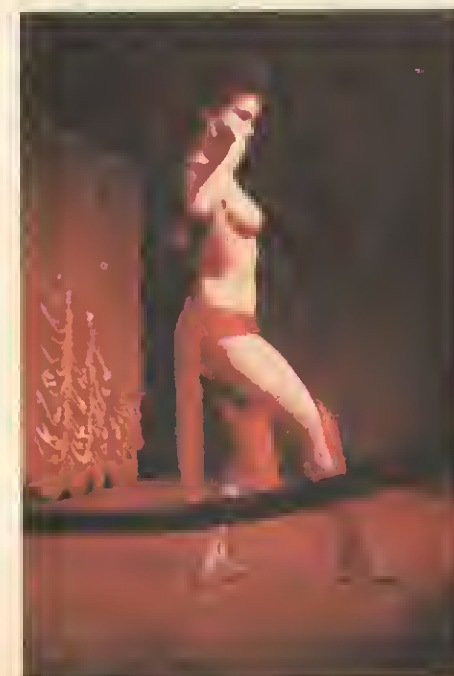
There's a bonus for the tired businessman who ventures south to West Third — that is, if he cares to bypass the strippers. Certainly, for New Yorkers at least, a big part of The Street's charm is shown on this page. (What charms the businessman can be seen across the way.) Above, one of the many fine restaurants for which the Village and The Street are noted: Bertolotti. World famous and expensive, it's been on The Street longer than most of its neighbors. Right: a coffee-house, a favorite NYU hangout, complete with dim lights and sawdust on the floor. Below: the Paper Book Gallery, intellectual spot near NYU.



WHEN 52ND STREET was at its roaring, naughty height, New York's then-Mayor LaGuardia "unsexed" the street and the city with his famous ban on burlesque. Smart operators noticed, however, that sex was going on as usual in Broadway musicals in the form of near-naked "West Indies" dancers. Thus was born the club's answer to banned burlesque: the "exotic" dance. Stripping gave way to "art" though some of the girls couldn't tell you the difference. West Third Street is now the city's home for "exotics." And business is as good as ever, especially on week ends when the out-of-towners flow in. They get what they come for. For example, at one club, the Heat Wave, six strippers are featured, one following on the bare heels of the other. They give a kaleidoscope of gyrating, undulating femininity, lighted by pink and blue lights. There isn't, of course, anything in Dubuque like it—one reason why there will always be a 52nd or a West Third Street in New York.



At the Heat Wave, one of the liveliest spots on West Third Street, a brunette named Amelia gives customers what they paid to see...



"Wait," Carl blurted. The man had come to his feet. "Yes?"

"I . . . that is . . . I don't think I want this . . . I mean I think I'd rather go back."

The receptionist smiled. "Don't be silly," he said. "What we have planned for you is nothing like what is out there. Just forget what you saw there. Come along now."

Carl followed the man through a doorway and down a long hallway to a paneled room where he was turned over to a white-jacketed technician. He was then seated in a Marital Selector, an ingenious electronic device invented by one of the original pioneer scientists. This man had been married five times while on earth and was considered an expert in such matters. His machine had been developed on the principle that the average male sets out in life to find the Right Woman and is invariably attracted by the worst possible qualities. He measures his soul-mate by the curve of her breast and the turn of her ankle. He seeks an intellectual partner by the length of her limbs and the cut of her dress; his cook and washerwoman by the scent of her perfume. To comfort him with simple pleasures he pursues an extravagant minx. The Marital Selector was designed to comply with these schizoid desires—to compress into minutes for the Celestian what the 20th Century Earthling had been troubled with all his life.

When his emotional and physical needs had been electronically cross-indexed with his desires, Carl stepped out of the testing booth and watched the attendant pick up the small white card which had been produced by the machine. The attendant read the name on the card. DIANE. He whistled softly in appreciation. He dropped the card into a slot that would carry it to General Casting and then said to Carl, "I'll take you out to the waiting room. It will only take a few minutes."

Bewildered by the sequence of events, confused by his first indoctrination to the realm of things female, Carl followed obediently, wondering what was meant by the word DIANE. He was tempted to ask the technician, but he was sure that any question he might pose would provoke laughter and he kept silent.

At the end of the hall he was ushered into a plush room furnished with couches. The attendant told him to wait and left, closing the door as he departed. He stood inside the room and stared about him. The walls were painted in soft tones and decorated with landscapes. Quiet music was transmitted through the walls. There were two doors—the one he had entered and another opposite. He seated himself on one of the couches and waited.

Within a few minutes the opposite door opened and a girl stepped into the room. She closed the door behind her and smiled. She cocked her head slightly to one side and her chestnut hair cascaded over one shoulder. "You're Carl," she said, and her voice was like the low strumming of a harp. "I'm Diane."

Her smile radiated the warmth and pride of the mother gazing at a clever offspring. Carl had a feeling of instant recognition as though he had dreamed this girl into being, and Diane's eyes seemed to say, 'Why did you take so long? I've been waiting all my life for you.' Carl was having difficulty breathing and he was beyond speech. Between them was the electric charge of two people meeting for the first time, but knowing that they had always been fated to meet.

The smile left Diane's face and she stood with her arms at her sides, her expression slightly quizzical, as though it was beyond her to comprehend what was happening between them. About her was the aura of youth and innocence; a bud ready to burst into womanhood. She wore a modest cotton print dress with a tight bodice that accentuated her youthful breasts, and a full skirt that flared out over her hips and swirled about her tanned legs.

Carl pushed himself up from the couch. For the first time in his life he felt clumsy and he had a moment of panic when he tried to think of something to do with his hands. He tried to smile, but only managed to crease his face with a look of stupefaction. His body was knotted with sudden torment. He took one step forward and Diane—with a small cry—rushed across the room and threw herself on him, burrowing her small head into his chest, encircling him with her arms until her nails bit into his back. Carl's alien hands were again a part

of him and he pressed them into the small of her back and drew her to him. He felt the smooth contours of her body against him, felt the high passion-hard breasts arched against his chest. She pressed herself to him with longing, her body surging with desire that was transmitted to him and he felt love—the wild insistent aching love that starts in the groin, clawing, tearing, until the nerves scream with it. His breathing was labored. His lips touched the delicate curve of her neck. His arms held her. His hand strayed along the soft, giving flesh, touched her breast. She trembled under his touch. A low, anguished moan escaped her lips. He lifted his head and struggled to breathe. He slid his fingers into her hair and gently pulled her head back. There was the flicker of fear in her eyes, but her lips sought his with hunger. He covered her mouth with his and the warmth, the beauty, the youth of her spread through him.

He lifted his head and they clung together, breathing heavily. "Carl," Diane whispered, "don't ever leave me."

"I won't," he answered, "I won't." "I love you, Carl."

He did not know what this expression meant, but neither did the Earthmen after 20 centuries with women, and he responded with the same ease and fervor that they had exhibited for generations. "I love you, too," he said, "I'll always love you." And like the Earthmen he honestly believed that he knew what he was talking about.

A red light flashed on the wall and Diane stepped back, smoothing her dress and smiling. She was suddenly girlish again. "They need the waiting room," she said. "Come with me."

Clutching his hand tightly, she led Carl out of the room and down a hallway to a Space Transmitter, another of Central Command's special vacation-plan devices. They sat together on a leather-upholstered seat. "Close your eyes and breath deeply," she said. She pressed a button marked: TROPIC ISLAND. Lights glowed in the machine and a molecular delineator went into action, breaking down the physical makeup of their bodies and then transporting their disembodied forms through space by means of negative chain reaction, reestablishing their molecular form at their destination.

When Carl opened his eyes he

(Continued on page 52)

VICKI'S BACK!

*CAPER'S all-time
favorite, beautiful
Vicki Champion,
in a very welcome
return visit*





Response to Vicki's first CAPER



appearance prompts more of the same



Vicki Champion is, if you'll excuse the obvious use of the word, a CAPER champion: adding a big touch of excitement to these pages. A few issues back you raved over her most recent appearance, when she decorated the center spread in a photo showing her standing by a bed wearing her usual lovely look. It was the only picture of her in that issue and you didn't hesitate to ask for more. Well, here she is, and the picture that prompted these five pages is topped by another Vicki Champion double-page bonus—as you'll see when you turn the page. Vicki started out in CAPER's sister publication, ESCAPE, a few years back, initiating our Photographer's Private File feature. (For the latest PPF, see page 6 of this issue and the front cover.) Vicki's made a big name for herself in the modeling world since her first appearance. As well she should. She's one of Southern California's top glamour gals; but don't connect her with Los Angeles or Hollywood. The fact is: Vicki's a San Diego beauty.



END OF A BACHELOR

BY BOB MARTY

SOME WOMEN slip out of their bathing suits. This one popped out. She wiggled and turned to strip off the single piece swimsuit, her flesh showing the imprint of the elastic.

Great scott, Karl sighed, that girl invented the word firm. And then he bit deeper into his unlit cigar. Karl watched her finally step out of the damp cloth, throw the suit over the windowsill to dry, and in the same motion pick up the large, white, rough-grained bath towel off the chair back.

Perfect, thought Karl, absolutely perfect. He reached for a packet of matches on the night stand. She had wrapped herself in the towel and had started for the shower. Karl looked at her, snatched his cigar from his mouth, about to speak when she murmured, "I'm going to take my shower, Karl." That closed the subject and Karl sank back on the bed and contemplated his damp cigar.

Karl was lying on his back, with his trunks off, on a large bed, in an attractive villa on the shores of Switzerland's Lake Kelon. Two and one half inches of cigar were clamped between his teeth and his head was propped up by two feather stuffed pillows. He could look out the French windows that opened from the bedroom toward the beach. Directly in front of Karl about 100 yards was the beach with the last of the sunners, sinners and swimmers. To the left, he could see the patio of the hotel, which served as the base for the resort area. To the right, Karl could just make out the first cottages marking the Swiss village of Zernawald. Ahead and past the beach was the lake and above and over the lake were the Alps, piercing the setting sun. Classic, classic, Karl thought. The view and the moment have no rival, and the entertaining spirit of the moment was Karl's introduction to marriage. Karl hadn't married



ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL SANCHEZ

*Was it love or loneliness that
drove Karl into marriage? Maybe
it didn't really matter too much...*

easily. He had gone 28 years single during which he had tasted many a different love wine, but never had drunk enough to lose his senses. Until now. Actually, in very quiet moments, Karl had the unspoken feeling that he was giving in to pressures other than love. The wisp of this thought disenchanted him, so he turned quickly from it.

Through his thoughts he could hear the water splattering against the wall, the plastic curtain, the tile squares on the floor. Intermingled with all was her voice humming some preparatory love song known only to the enchantress. Karl envisioned her bathing efforts in his mind, and smiled slyly. He wished he were her white bar of soap.

Love, love, he muttered. Was it love or loneliness? But how could he be lonely, lonely enough to marry? Karl had always had attractive, interesting women with him. Loneliness couldn't have been the final force. Maybe it wasn't a question of frequency, but one of intensity. No, that couldn't be right, because there was Julie. And, of course, the unmatched Sandella. Maybe it was depth, continuity, that his loves had lacked, a sustaining gift and effort. Karl hoped his marriage signified a need for a rewarding, awarding love, not the fear of flickering physical powers, or the poison of social pressures, or the live on after life urge.

What was that tune she was humming? Lashed by the shower streams, the melody had a haunting, echoing effect behind the closed door, within the plastic curtain, under the pouring.

Had he been haunted by the fear that women didn't like him in particular but only as part of a package deal which included his family name and prestige and their many millions that would obviously come to him as an only son? Hell, that's an absolutely morbid thought, he sputtered. After all, he did have a certain physical attraction and social ability of the type born from second class intelligence and first class schooling.

Oh, make no mistake, Karl, he said to himself; you fell for her, despite her youth, your experience and the dampness of the moment. Exactly when or where, he couldn't be sure, but it was a warm summer night broken by unusual showers. They had walked hand in hand, unmindful of the showers, her clothes, cotton

print, sticking to her and urging him. He stumbled on the pavement and pushed her before him against the bricked wall. Before this very moment, all had been frivolous and innocent, but in that tangent moment the fire flickered. He pushed against her an age old urge. At that precise moment Karl drank too much of the wine and headed toward marriage despite his previous convictions and successes.

Really, he should be very pleased with his bride, and he was. She was well educated, good looking, poised, and, he chuckled, well bred. She could cook, review a book, sew, make a speech, dance a tango, chat with old ladies, dress simply, dress sexily, she could resist and submit with a rush that left him tingling. Yes,

he had done well, despite any other reasons for marrying. Karl had enjoyed his bachelorhood, but he was sure he would cherish his marriage.

The water stopped drumming against the tile. The shower room door swung open, first a puff of steam, then a toweled head, then her, the large turkish towel around her body, a smaller towel around her hair. She only glanced at Karl as she stepped barefooted toward the vanity and mirror. Karl quit drawing on his cigar as he turned his head to follow her movement across the room. She removed the towel from around her head and shook out the long, water-tangled black hair. The soft dark hair curled far past her shoulders, beautiful and glistening as a flower and early morning dew. With one hand she smoothed the errant curls from her forehead and traced a smile. Then she removed the towel from around her body and stood facing the mirror with her back to Karl. Every sunset is different, thought Karl. She posed with her hair in different styles and turned from side to side.

Karl said, through his drooping cigar, "Come here."

She barely acknowledged hearing as she turned and looked, engrossed with her features and flesh.

Karl said, without his cigar, "Come here."

She answered, preoccupied, "No."

Karl said, "Come here."

"No, I've just had my bath..."

"Come here."

"... and you'll mess me up." She turned and proceeded to walk, poised, trailing the towel as a bridal train, past Karl.

Karl caught her wrist as she passed and roughly pulled her over to him. She came to rest with one knee beside him, her hands trapped by his.

"No, it's almost dinner," she said, this time smiling a little, just enough to let the light through.

"Come here." Karl pulled her to him.

After a bit, through one slightly opened eye lid, Karl could sense the dusk had come. He opened both eyes quickly and glanced at the woman. She was nestled tight to his body in the circle of his arm.

Outside the room, the ancient hotel was making the first preparations for the coming dinner hour, with lights blinking on, stewards hurrying with cocktails, ice, and glasses, and musicians tuning up for the gay hours ahead. The Alps had again captured the sun within their picketed cage and the sun died gloriously, lighting up the craggy mountains, the enclosing clouds, the early night sky. Even the village was showing a rush, as villagers and visitors hurried to complete their errands before the stores closed and the Alpine night was upon them.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, Karl thought... He turned to the woman who lay asleep, breathing quietly with her eyes closed. He kissed the eyes awake, and the lips open, and felt the first rush of a new dawn.

"Laura, Laura," he said, "up and out of here, Baby. In a few moments my wife will return from shopping in the village." □

When the frenetic pitch of dancing seemed to have reached an unquenchable climactic apogee, (some had hurled themselves to the ground and had arched themselves taut, only their heads and feet touching the ground; while others groveled on the ground on their bellies, wiggling arms and legs like a pit full of fat fer de lances) Mammam Oiseau took a white rooster, which an attendant handed her, slit its throat, and sprinkled them with the blood.

The benediction was an evil asperges. The cardinal priestess collapsed into her throne exhausted, the constricting bird in her hand drenching her feet with blood.

The effect on the followers was instant and convulsive. Screaming with joy, maidens were carried off into the jungle by enraptured men. The tambours were beaten to a crescendo till each drummer swooned into an anxious sleep.

Jeanne Marie, bare to the waist, her dress torn exposing most of her body, ran toward Mr. Putz.

He picked her up in his arms and carried her a distance to a quiet, soft rise of land under a vine covered eucalyptus. The earth was covered with a rich verdure of fresh blossoms and the green leaves sparkling with the first dew of night.

Mr. Putz trembled slightly, press-

ed against her, drank in with quivering nostrils the acrid scent of this woman's inviting body.

He kept repeating to himself as one in a dream, "I'm gonna change my luck; I'm gonna change my luck..."

And when Mr. Putz least expected it—when he had lost himself and become as one with this black girl, he felt a sharp agonizing thrust of a knife blade driven into his back, deep between his shoulders.

There was a deliberate, penetrating, full minute of terrifying stillness. Then Jeanne Marie rolled out from under the dying man, pinning her dress together with all the callous propriety of a woman adjusting a loose curl.

His contorted arm twisted up to caress the hole in his back but he could not reach it. He opened his eyes. Hyppolite stood over him, a stiletto in his hand, ready to plunge again. Musque stepped out from behind a bush, where he and Hyppolite had watched them as they lay there.

All a monstrous dream, Mr. Putz thought—it had to be. He commanded himself to wake-up! A rapid cough pulled at his stomach muscles till he doubled his knees up to his chest. From over the trees in the forest he heard the blast of the ship's horn on the "Caribbean

Empress." He moved his fingers over the wet grass.

"Vite, vite," Jeanne Marie was urging. "Depeche."

Hyppolite busily bent over and robbed him. Huge drops of perspiration falling on Mr. Putz seemed to scald his back wherever they touched. Mr. Putz heard Hyppolite and Jeanne Marie plan their marriage as they counted the money in his wallet.

Then the three of them walked off: Jeanne Marie and Hyppolite hand in hand—and little Musque, tossing stones at the Macaws, munching on a sappotilla he had pulled from inside his shirt, humming a lullaby he remembered.

Little Musque stopped.

"Un moment," he called out to Hyppolite and Jeanne Marie.

Little Musque returned to where Mr. Putz lay. The dying man raised his eyes with an effort. All was swirling black before him in crazy shades of grey and brown and purple. Mr. Putz opened his mouth to cry out. Little Musque straddled over him and an impish smile spread across his face. The boy fumbled a moment with his cheap belt drawing it tight around his little body.

The last thing Mr. Putz saw was Musque's face coming nearer his own, fingers forced down his throat, the little boy's bulging eyes as he was about to retch. Then all went black. □



"Sugar and spinach and lettuce and cabbage -- that's how little girls are made!"

HAWS FOR HES

Alexander Woollcott hated parties but was occasionally forced to attend one. A young debutante, aspiring for social recognition, buttonholed Woollcott at one party and bombarded him with questions 'till she finally asked, "Breeding isn't everything, is it?"

Having missed the preliminary questions, Woollcott was dazed but managed to answer, "You may be right, but it's lots of fun."

* * *

Heads roll very often in Madison Avenue advertising agencies and everybody has to think twice in order to remember who's in charge. At one such agency recently an account executive, leaving his office for an appointment, turned to his secretary and said, "If the boss calls, get his name."

* * *

Longevity depends not so much on astrology these days as it does on the color of the traffic light when one crosses the street.

* * *

The noisy man at the bar ordered a round for everyone in the place. "Why are you celebrating?" asked one barfly.

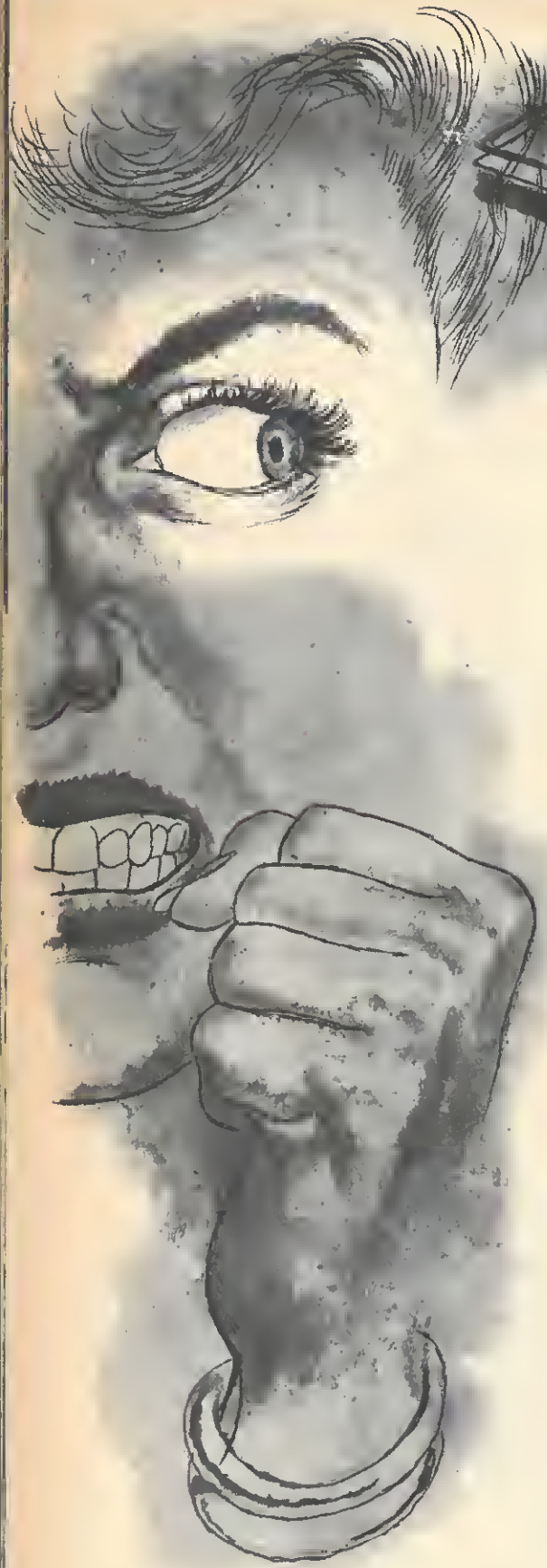
"My wife just had a baby," the loud one answered.

The barfly, obviously frowning on such cele-



brating, said, "Your wife had all the pain—not you."

"Yeah," answered the other, "but I gave her the idea."

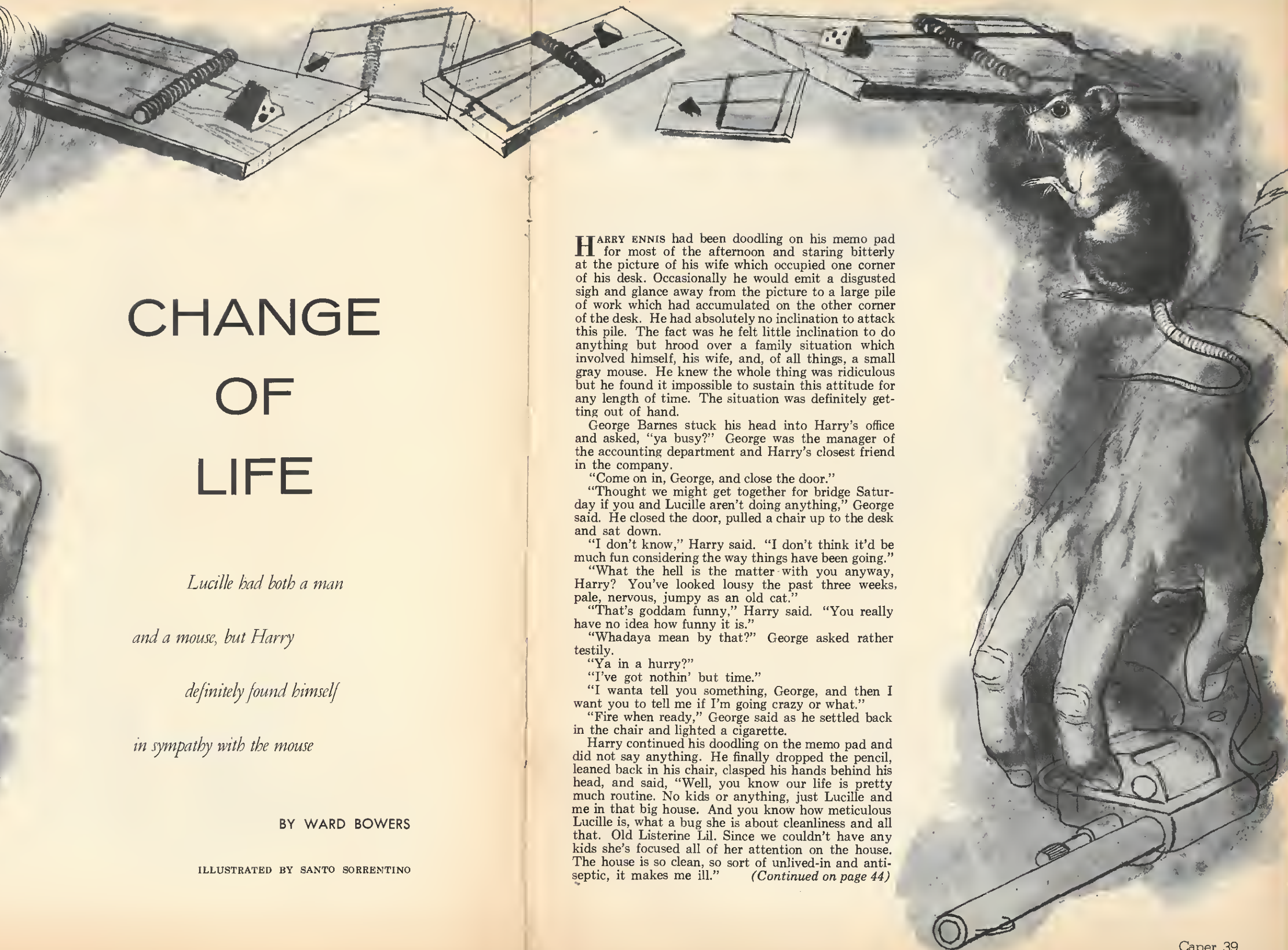


CHANGE OF LIFE

*Lucille had both a man
and a mouse, but Harry
definitely found himself
in sympathy with the mouse*

BY WARD BOWERS

ILLUSTRATED BY SANTO SORRENTINO



HARRY ENNIS had been doodling on his memo pad for most of the afternoon and staring bitterly at the picture of his wife which occupied one corner of his desk. Occasionally he would emit a disgusted sigh and glance away from the picture to a large pile of work which had accumulated on the other corner of the desk. He had absolutely no inclination to attack this pile. The fact was he felt little inclination to do anything but brood over a family situation which involved himself, his wife, and, of all things, a small gray mouse. He knew the whole thing was ridiculous but he found it impossible to sustain this attitude for any length of time. The situation was definitely getting out of hand.

George Barnes stuck his head into Harry's office and asked, "ya busy?" George was the manager of the accounting department and Harry's closest friend in the company.

"Come on in, George, and close the door."

"Thought we might get together for bridge Saturday if you and Lucille aren't doing anything," George said. He closed the door, pulled a chair up to the desk and sat down.

"I don't know," Harry said. "I don't think it'd be much fun considering the way things have been going."

"What the hell is the matter with you anyway, Harry? You've looked lousy the past three weeks, pale, nervous, jumpy as an old cat."

"That's goddam funny," Harry said. "You really have no idea how funny it is."

"Whadaya mean by that?" George asked rather testily.

"Ya in a hurry?"

"I've got nothin' but time."

"I wanta tell you something, George, and then I want you to tell me if I'm going crazy or what."

"Fire when ready," George said as he settled back in the chair and lighted a cigarette.

Harry continued his doodling on the memo pad and did not say anything. He finally dropped the pencil, leaned back in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and said, "Well, you know our life is pretty much routine. No kids or anything, just Lucille and me in that big house. And you know how meticulous Lucille is, what a bug she is about cleanliness and all that. Old Listerine Lil. Since we couldn't have any kids she's focused all of her attention on the house. The house is so clean, so sort of unlive-in and anti-septic, it makes me ill." (Continued on page 44)



WHO PUT THE IN BULLSHOT?



BY STACY HART

CONSIDERING THE MACHINATIONS of Madison Avenue, where brainstorming, motivational research and subliminal experimentation are poured into advertising campaigns, it's pleasantly shocking to find a firm which knows exactly what it's doing — the simple way.

Heublein, Inc., the creative force behind the Smirnoff Vodka line, has the right approach to this business of advertising. Take the birth of "The Bull Sbot," their current concoction of bouillon and Vodka. This was not conceived in a smoky conference room nor by running it up a flag pole. It had its glorious beginning right where it should have been: in a high-class saloon.

After a meeting of Heublein sales executives in Chicago two years ago, they adjourned to the bar. The bartender took orders for Bloody Marys and Screwdrivers — then served a line of glasses containing what looked suspiciously like chicken broth over ice. His own special brew, he called it a Bulldozer.

Round followed round and the Heublein boys held their own meeting at the bar, feeling that any potable so delightful deserved a better name. "Ox-on-the-Rocks," and "Bull 'N' Cubes" came close, but the fellow who shouted "Bull Shot" got the vote.

The ad for "The Bull Shot," launched the first of the year, followed the pattern of Smirnoff's other successful campaigns; it was provocative, humorous and had a masculine appeal.

Naturally, the company didn't expect to emerge completely unscarred. However, the reaction was less searing than had been anticipated in certain areas. For instance, there wasn't a peep from religious and social organizations. Even the WCTU remained mum. (Possibly because they had already registered a complaint previously concerning Vodka, per se: "It is a perfidious drink and has already done perfidious things to this country. The fact that it leaves no liquor smell on the breath is an invita-

tion to weaker persons for day-long indulgence.")

The disgruntled notes came from the "just plain folks" such as the midwest attorney who had a word for it. After praising the Smirnoff line and assuring them that he had been a Vodka guzzler since its inception, he concluded snidely, "However, I see no reason to become so scatological." Well, that was one way of putting it.

Ironically, the group which might be expected to feel a bit tender on the subject — the women drinkers — were intrigued by the name. Not a blush or a bellow in the mail came from a female.

As delicate as the placement of the "o" in the "Bull Shot" ad is the recipe itself. Dorothy Kiggallen informed her readers of the new drink, describing it as consommé and Vodka. Within a week the Heublein office was plowing through letters from those who had tried it with not too happy results.

Most had mixed a batch, as you might for Vodkatinis, and put them in the refrigerator to chill. When they went for the second round, the mixture had thickened to a pudding consistency. They weren't irate. Just wondered if you served it with a spoon.

According to bartenders the drink is becoming as popular as the Bloody Mary, especially as a before-meals libation. This leads one to wonder about the hilarious situations which will undoubtedly take place in neighborhood pubs across the land.

For example, what of the poor fellow who has a stuttering problem? The barman will never believe he was about to order a drink.

And, while I can see the ease with which the first or second round may be ordered, I heartily suggest that, for the remainder of the evening, you might remove all risk by pointing to the glass and mumbling, "The same."

You can't be chicken, men. You've got to handle it the way I did. I stepped up to the bar, looked him straight in the eye, and said, "Bull—!!!" □



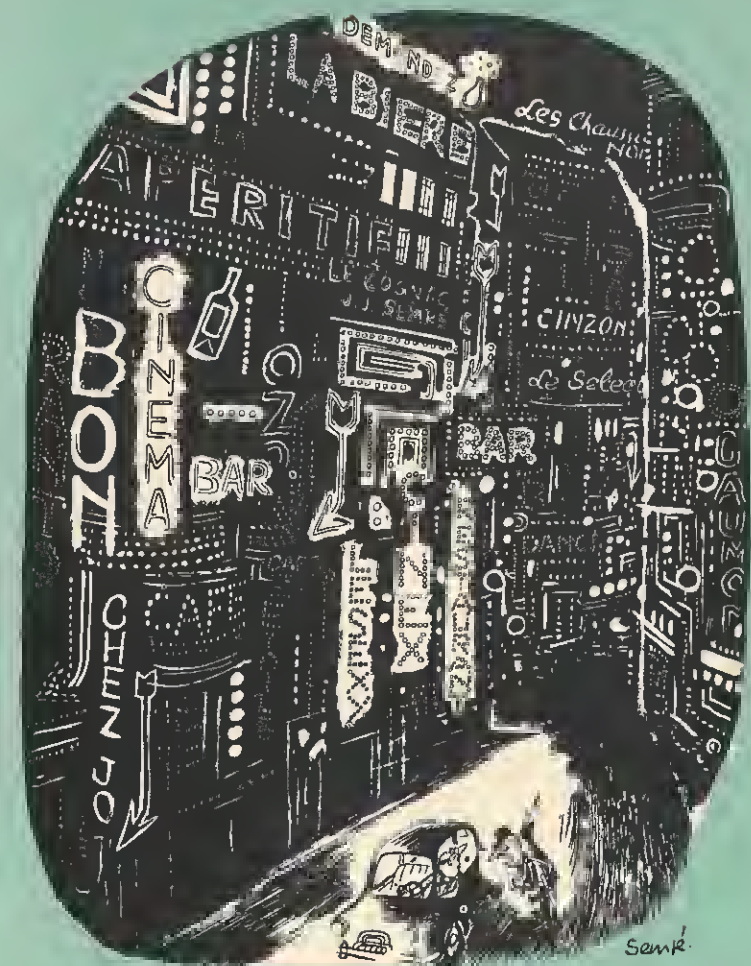
"These are my jewels, and these are my jewelers."

FUNNY FOREIGNERS

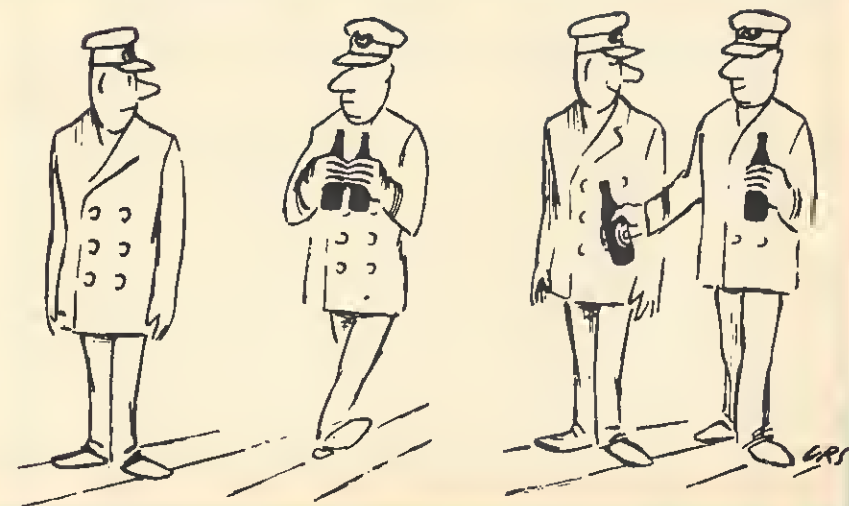
Laughs are international and to prove the point here is a parade of foreign cartoons bound to provoke a guffaw from you. They've been selected from a new best-seller on the cartoon-book list, **Best Cartoons From Abroad, 1958**, edited by Lawrence Lariat and Ben Rath (Crown Publishers, \$2.95). Of the full collection of 300 cartoons, one reviewer said, "You'll get more than a few belly-busting snorts from these." Here are six guaranteed belly-busting snorts.



"Hello, honey!"



"I suppose you'll tell me that you didn't see the light!"



CHANGE OF LIFE (Continued from page 39)

"You gotta make exceptions for everyone," George interjected. "Nobody's perfect, the exact way you want them to be."

"Anyway about the routine," Harry continued. "We usually watch television 'til about ten and then Lucille knits and I read. The same thing just about every night unless we have some people in, which happens rarely. Lucille really doesn't want to stay up but she thinks a husband and wife should retire, as she puts it, at the same time. It's really pretty unnerving. One night a couple of weeks ago I'm sitting there reading and she's sewing, and this little gray mouse comes walking into the living room. Lucille almost had a hemorrhage."

"To get to the point, this mouse comes into our living room every night at the same time. I'm not kidding, you could set your watch by the little sonofabitch. Every night, ten-thirty, for the past three weeks he comes sauntering in from the dining room, always enters the same way, cool as a cucumber, very casual. It's like he's defying Lucille, kind of challenging her. Well, we've got traps all over the house, in the basement, kitchen, bedrooms, closets, even in the bathrooms. First mouse we ever had and it's driving her nuts."

"When it became clear that this was no run-of-the-mill mouse she decided to trap him right in the living room. You know there are only two open entrances to our living room, one to the dining room and one to the hall. She blocked off the hall entrance with a screen, then she waited. At ten-thirty when the mouse came in she slapped another screen across the dining room entrance. She had already covered the heating vents with books so there we were, supposedly, with this mouse trapped in our living room. There's no way out for him. The room is big and we've got that dark brown wall to wall carpeting so it's pretty hard to keep track of him. Lucille went all over the room lifting cushions, peering under chairs, shaking the drapes, and she couldn't flush him out. She was frantic. She would have torn him apart with her bare hands if she could have gotten him."

"She repeats this trapping business every night. It's gotten to be a ritual with her. But the mouse just disappears. I finally got interested

enough to help her search, and believe me we've checked every conceivable place in the living room and the mouse gets away every time. It's the most amazing thing I've ever seen."

"Get an exterminator in," George said, "or better still, send Lucille away for a few weeks if it's that bad."

"You haven't heard the worst of it," Harry said sadly.

"What else?"

"I'm for the mouse."

"You're kidding?"

"No," Harry said emphatically. "Ya can't help admiring him; he's such a cavalier little bastard. Comes marching in there every night at the same time as cheeky as you please. He's got a lotta poise."

"Is this the straight stuff? You're not pulling my leg?"

"Listen, I'm not even worried about Lucille. I'm worried about the mouse. She's sitting up there in that house like a zombie waiting for one of those traps to click, and I'm worried about the mouse. And she knows it. Isn't that a helluva thing, when your wife is right on the edge of a breakdown and you don't give a damn? I sit here all day wondering if the mouse is still alive. It drives me crazy to think of him surrounded by all those traps. I know he's never gonna make it."

"That's the craziest thing I've ever heard," George said.

"What can I do?" Harry asked.

"Either get rid of the mouse or find you and Lucille a good psychiatrist," George suggested.

"I can't get rid of the mouse. I'm as obsessed as Lucille is."

George shook his head and clucked his tongue sympathetically. "How old is Lucille?" he asked.

"Forty-five her next birthday."

"Maybe it's just her change of life. You have to expect some pretty strange things when a woman is going through that."

"What about me? Is it my change of life too?"

"Could be. You could use a nice young blonde to pull you through. This is old Doc Barnes' standard prescription."

"I wish I thought that was funny," Harry said.

"Don't let it throw you," George advised. "It can't be that bad."

"It's a mess," Harry said.

"Why don't you go home tonight

and take Lucille out to dinner and a show. Get her away from the house. Have a couple of drinks and forget all this stuff. You've lost your perspective."

Harry thought this over for a few moments. "I've tried to get her out before but I think you're right. I'll have a helluva time, though, getting her away from that house."

"Assert yourself," George said. "Drag her out by her hair if you have to. You might even take your vacation early this year."

"It might be worth a try."

"Damn right," George said. "Go to Florida but wherever you go don't leave a forwarding address with the mouse."

Harry laughed for the first time in weeks. The phone rang, and George got up to leave.

"That'll be Lucille," Harry said. "She calls every day about this time to let me know how the great mouse hunt is going. She knows how I feel and she likes to rub it in about how it will only be a matter of time before she gets him."

"Take it easy," George said. "Get her away from the house and the whole thing will blow over."

George softly closed the door behind him.

* * *

All the blinds were drawn and the house was dark when Harry pulled into the driveway. He left the car in the drive, and entered the house. He called out to Lucille, but there was no answer. He went through each of the rooms on the first floor, occasionally stumbling across a mousetrap, and he did not find her.

He went upstairs and entered their bedroom. Lucille was stretched out on a twin bed. She had a quilt pulled up around her chin, and she was snoring quietly. The sharp angularity of her face was softened in the half light and a small smile seemed to hover around her lips. All the intensity and bitterness of the last few weeks had left her. She was relaxed, completely at peace with herself.

The sheets on Harry's bed had been turned back, and the body of a tiny gray mouse with an angry red bruise across its neck had been placed very carefully in the center of his pillow. Harry turned away from the bed and went to his bureau. He opened a drawer, reached in under his shirts and removed a thirty-eight caliber Smith and Wesson revolver. He walked back to his wife's bed and fired six shots into her sleeping form. □



"Do you have something on the first floor? We're kind of in a hurry!"

It was the greatest charity affair of the year

THE PARTY

BY LARRY MADDOCK and CORRIE HOWARD

"I'M READY," she said. It was a soft, sensuous whisper that seemed strangely out of place coming from Randy. She looked, Chuck realized suddenly, like a little girl on her way to Confirmation and tremendously impressed.

"Good girl," he said. "You look wonderful." The next minute or so would be the ticklish part—he hoped Randy could carry it off without arousing Mrs. Ekins' suspicions. House mothers in small Midwestern colleges are prone to read two or three meanings into everything.

Randy shot him a swift glance, stepped coolly up to the desk and checked out. She had shown Mrs. Ekins the invitation two days before, backed up with written permission from Dean Colman. It was foolproof, Chuck thought, but even the best laid plans . . .

"Have a nice week end, Randy," Mrs. Ekins beamed.

"Thank you," she smiled. "I'm sure I will."

She stood five feet tall and if she weighed over 75 pounds the scales were lying. Her arms and legs were too thin, her shoulders too bony—she seemed no more substantial than a preliminary sketch by a mediocre artist. She had the fashion model's breasts, flat hips, compact buttocks and almost invisible waist. She wasn't beautiful. Long-necked, thin-faced, tiny, scrawny—yes. But not beautiful. Randy's only beauty was in her eyes—large, gray, haunted eyes framed darkly with thick lashes.

But it was more than a pair of haunted gray eyes, Chuck felt, that made her a hell of an attractive girl. Randy Smith reeked of sex, femininity, the works. There wasn't a man on campus who didn't want to go to bed with her—or a woman who didn't protest about unfair competition.

"I shouldn't have agreed to this, Chuck," she said suddenly.

Chuck looked at her across the width of the front



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KILPATRICK

seat. "You need the loot, don't you?"

She glanced down at her cheap dress and three-year-old coat.

"Yes."

The late-afternoon sun bounced off the asphalt road and made him squint as a line of telephone poles flashed past the car. He wished he really *were* taking her home to spend the week end at his mother's place instead of delivering her into the hungry hands of a bunch of over-privileged punks.

"You'll make a hundred, easy, this week end," he said. "And it isn't as if this were the first time."

"No," she agreed, very softly.

"Fifty bucks a night," he mused. "That's doing pretty good."

"You sound like you're bidding on a horse!"

He pulled the car to the side of the road and turned to face her. "Look, Randy. Do you really want to go through with it?"

"Sure," she said, smiling oddly. "Why not?"

"Then don't worry about it. It's perfectly safe. The Dean is satisfied and so is Mrs. Ekins. We forged the invitation from my mother, all nice and proper. You can catch up on your sleep Sunday

afternoon. I don't see where you've got a thing to lose."

"No," she said coldly, "I don't suppose you do."

"Come off it!" he said, immediately regretting the sharpness of his tone. "Don't try to tell me you're not that kind of girl."

"All right," she snapped. "So I am 'that kind of girl.'"

"Oh, for God's sake! I didn't mean it the way it sounded. You're a great gal, a little down on your luck, and Bert and I just happened to come up with an idea that can make you some loot."

"Sure," she said flatly. "You didn't twist my arm at all."

It made him feel like a bastard, but there was another, shorter word that would do just as well. He started to say something else, but kept silent. Figuring out women just wasn't Chuck Hansen's forte.

He started the car, pulled back onto the road, and continued away from the town and the campus and Mrs. Ekins' all-seeing eye.

They approached a small roadside restaurant. Chuck suggested dinner.

(Continued)

"I don't feel much like eating," Randy objected.

"Come on in and have a cup of coffee, anyway."

Chuck was amazed at Randy's change of mood. She linked her arm in his as they entered, and now she chattered gaily with the waitress. Damn good little actress, he thought, and entered into the spirit of quiet hilarity. To anyone not aware of their destination, they looked like a carefree couple out for an evening of wholesome fun.

Randy decided she was hungry after all and ordered a hamburger steak. Chuck noticed a glint of laughter in her eyes as she looked at him from across the table. He reached over and patted her hand. "That's better, doll," he said. "You'll need all the energy you can get."

He decided later it was the wrong thing to say.

* * *

Damn Bert Thornton, anyway, Chuck thought. Bert was Chuck's roommate and, like Chuck, was finishing his interrupted college career on the Korean G. I. Bill. The two were founding fathers of G.D.I.'s, loosely translated Gosh Darned Independents.

The whole thing had started two weeks earlier, when Bert bounced into their peaceful pad with a conspiratorial gleam in his eye.

"Man!" he yelped. "Have I got an idea!"

Chuck sighed, closed the textbook he had been perusing—keeping his finger in it, just in case—and sourly eyed Bert's chunky frame.

"I just got a lecture on the High Cost of Being a Coed," Bert revealed, adroitly swiping his roommate's last cigarette.

"So what do you want to do—take up a collection?"

"You know, Roomy, sometimes you amaze me. No sensitivity to the subtle undercurrents that guide our destinies." He whirled, pointing a quivering finger. "How much did it cost you to go to that 'Spring Fling' last month?"

"About 25 clams," Chuck said, wincing at the memory.

"Ever consider how much it set your date back just so you could spend twenty-five bucks on her?"

"I dunno," Chuck shrugged. "Ten?"

"Damn close to fifty!—maybe more. Evening gowns are thirty-five bucks and up—and for some ungodly reason if she wears it twice around here a girl's a social leper.

Then she's gotta have accessories to match—shoes, purse, even her dainty-dooos have to harmonize. The women here are in a helluva fix. Never enough money."

"Women are like that," Chuck observed philosophically. "Like I said, you want to take up a collection or something?"

Bert shook his head. "Much better idea. Ninety-nine percent of the broads we know need money, right?"

"If you say so," Chuck yawned.

"And there are a lot of guys around campus who're loaded, right? Money with a capital dollar sign, I mean."

Chuck told him to either shut up or get to the point.

"It's simple. All we do is have a party—a little get-together where the guys with the loot meet the gals without—and let nature take its course."

Chuck took his finger out of the book, sat back in his chair and said to the stock ex-Marine, "Okay, friend, elucidate."

Bert elucidated. He had located a retired farmer who would rent his unused farmhouse for a "ridiculously low" hundred dollars for the weekend. The price included a guarantee of privacy. Bert expounded the possibilities in glowing terms. Chuck had to admit the idea had a certain amount of merit: the school had long been known as a glorified country club, so there would be no shortage of customers who could charge the cost up to a "fraternity assessment."

"All right," Chuck said finally. "But just tell me—is this a charity affair, or do we fatten our own pocketbooks in the process?"

Bert looked soulful. "We do it out of the goodness of our hearts. Besides, it's more respectable that way."

"Okay, wise guy—whose lily-white bodies do we sell?"

"We can start with Edith," Bert replied blandly. "She was givin' it away long before she met me."

Chuck quickly revised his estimate of Edith Anderson. "And the others?"

"Hell, Roomy, we'll make a list and get Edith to check it with us."

It was astonishingly simple to line up the girls. They conferred with Edith who was enthusiastic about the idea. So was Pat, the campus version of la Monroe. Ruth, the Liz Taylor of East Hall, shrugged her shoulders and went along with it. Connie, a freckle-faced

Leslie Caron, took longer but finally agreed when Bert pointed out that each girl would be wearing a mask. It was with Randy that they ran into real difficulties.

Randy represented a type that no other girl could fill. She was their Audrey Hepburn—wraith-like, sensitive, innocent, boyish, sexy.

Edith talked to her first, pointing out all the precautions to safeguard her reputation. Connie worked on the money angle. Ruth talked it up as one of the biggest kicks of any girl's college career. Pat told her she was being disloyal to her friends if she refused. Finally, Randy gave in.

It was seven o'clock when they pulled up in front of the deserted farmhouse and joined the crowd.

Randy was shrinking into one corner of the kitchen as he stepped inside. Pat, Edith, Ruth and Connie were there, too, wrapped in blankets. All the girls were masked, including Randy.

Bert turned and grinned at him. "Howdy, Roomy. What's the matter with your girl-friend?"

"What do you mean?"

Bert waved the filmy scraps of material in his hand at Randy. "I keep tellin' her it's a costume party," he said.

Randy shrank further into her corner.

"All the girls are wearing them," he added.

"We sure are," giggled Pat, who had hitched herself up on the sink-board and was nonchalantly smoking a cigarette. She flipped back her blanket, revealing her costume: three strategically placed bows.

Chuck looked at Pat, then at Randy. The difference was more than just physical type. Pat didn't care—she might have been born in a brothel for all it mattered to her. Randy was—well, different.

She stared unbelievably at Pat's near-nude body. Her face turned slowly white, then flushed a deep red under the sequined half-mask. She opened her mouth to say something, caught sight of Chuck staring at her, closed it again and slowly took the costume from Bert. She stood for a minute looking at it.

"Where do I change?" she finally asked.

"Here," Bert said, and the girls giggled. "How about some coffee, Chuck?"

"Here?" she repeated. Her voice was thin and high.

"Yeah, here!" Chuck said, covering

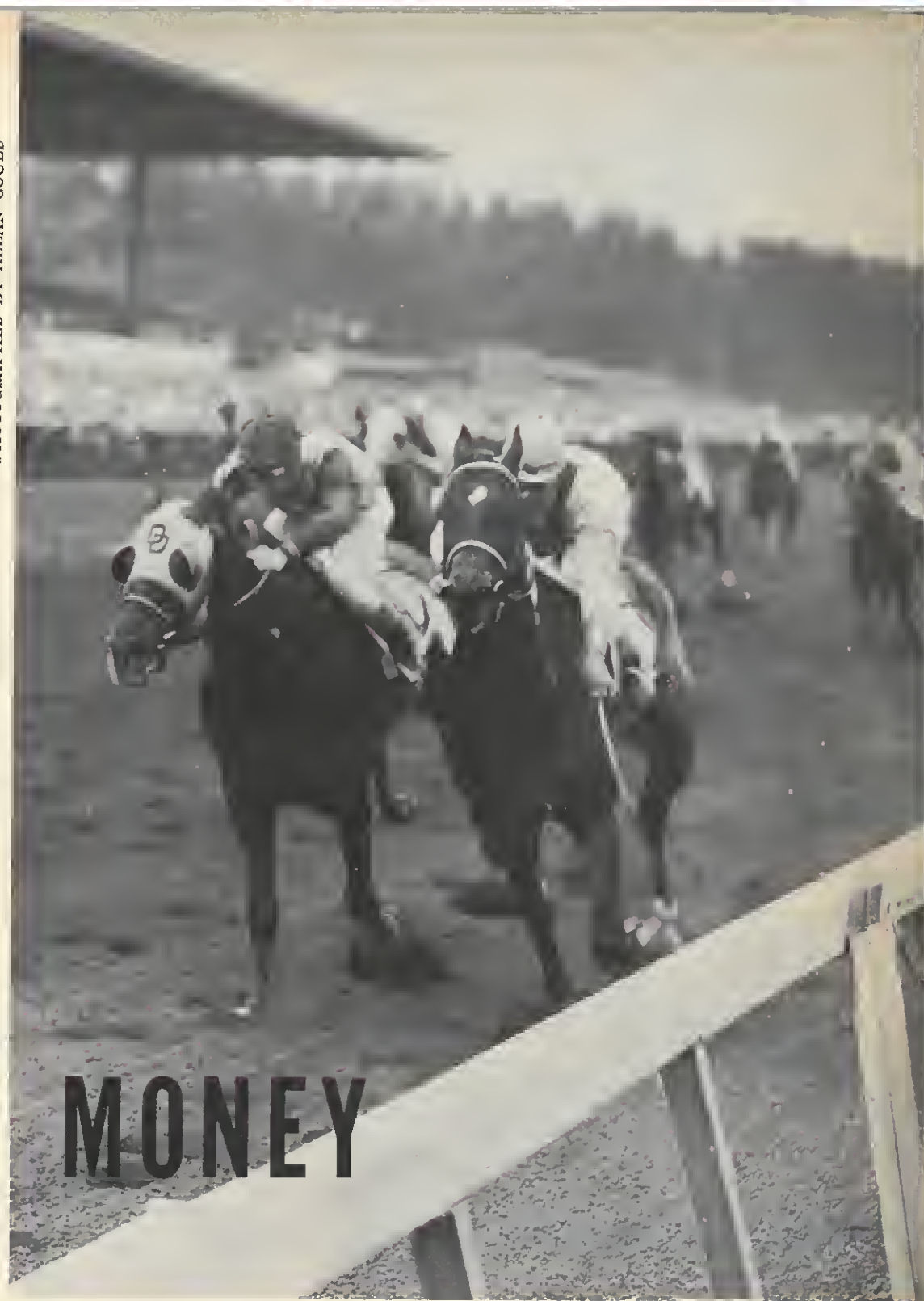
(Continued on page 58)

GUTS AND MONEY

Racing's number one jockey today, Willie Hartack, has plenty of both

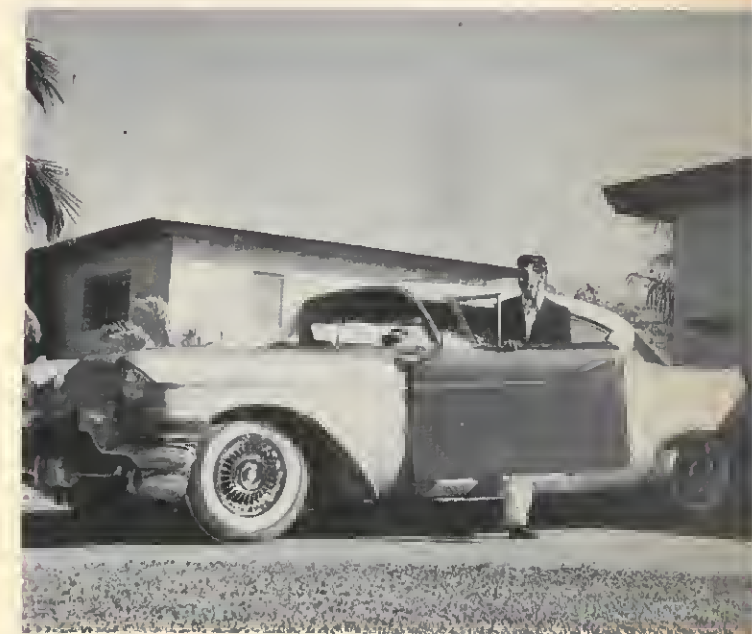
The jockey on the horse near the rail above is the pride of the horseplaying set and one of its richest members. He's Willie Hartack, once more adding to his winning record as the winter racing season gets under way down South. In five years of racing he's led the field for three years and his income—based on a jockey's ten per cent—is over \$300,000 a year. He doesn't always win, but he's a bettor's favorite because he always tries, in his own distinctive style of riding. Of Hartack, one writer has said: "He comes down the stretch as though leading a Hollywood cavalry charge." He gets everything out of a horse, and, most of the time, he wins.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLAN GOULD





Jockeys get \$20 for riding a race, \$25 for third, \$35 for second, and \$50 for first—plus ten per cent of any purse his mount wins. On this basis, Willie Hartack has done well. He owns a Caddy and a \$50,000 ranch house in Miami. He spends more than \$5,000 a year on his equipment, including over 40 pairs of boots; he has a closet full of suits (over 40). Strictly an afternoon-and-night man, he claims to know "hundreds and hundreds of dames" after three years in Miami. Of his future: more races, more money, more dames.



Whatever Willie Hartack does--

from enjoying life in a \$50,000 house to riding horses—he does well

Hartack's success as a jockey is due more to his excellent training than to luck. After he graduated from high school he accepted a job as an exercise boy for a shrewd trainer in Charles Town, West Va. Willie didn't want to be a jockey, but others recognized his strength and nerve—and finally got him in a race. He lost—on a 65-to-1 shot. But soon he was in the money and he's been there ever since. Another part of his success is due to his agent, Chick Lang (with Willie in the top left photo). It's Lang's job to get Willie on the winners. Around the track, Willie is relaxed, often playing a game of pool or knock rummy before a race. Or eating—he never has to worry about his weight, though he combines such things as potato chips, pickles and ice cream. And no matter how late he might stay up, he's always ready for the next day in the saddle—riding to win as usual.



was blinded by the glare of the sun off the white, sea-washed beach where he stood with Diane at his side. They were on a small island in the Caribbean. Man's dream. The perfect woman, the uninhabited island. Beyond the rim of palms that edged the beach was a low-roofed bungalow. It was a simple house with simple furnishings. A cabinet filled with a wide variety of nourilite, the Celestial food capsule; and a low, wide bed.

They walked the beach until the sun dropped below the horizon and the evening enveloped them with a blue-gray haze.

"We'll stay here forever," Carl said.

"Yes."

"I never want to see another human being."

"Oh, Carl," she murmured, her voice husky with emotion.

"I mean it," he said. "You're all I ever want."

"Hold me, Carl." He took her in his arms, "I've been so lonely, Carl. You make me feel alive. Just to be with you . . . be near you . . ."

He lifted her and carried her across the sand to the house. She stood by the side of the bed and with several deft movements the dress dropped to the floor and she stood before him unashamed, the moonlight dancing along the tawny perfection of her body.

He went to her and she greeted him with outstretched arms. He lowered her to the bed. Her face on the pillow was tenderly relaxed; her eyes, large and soft, regarding him as if he were a specially beloved child. Her eyes had been lovely before, but now, answering his ardor, they had a residual contentment that caressed him and the air between them with grateful recognition. She thrust her bared breasts to him; and as he slipped within her embrace, and they continued to stare at each other, her look changed — welcoming, acquiescent, humble, and assertive within the same fervent pattern.

He took her in an intent trembling silence that neither wished to break.

When Carl awoke the sun was streaming into the bungalows. He groped for her with his hands, but she was not in the bed. He sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes and smiling. The night was still vivid in his mind. He leaped from the bed

and ran to the beach. When he didn't see her in the surf he called her name. There was no answer and he furrowed his brow. "Diane!" Still no answer. He retraced his steps and entered the cottage. He had decided that she was walking the beach when a male voice boomed from a loudspeaker in the ceiling.

"Winslow. This is Central Command. Step over to the wall on the right. Stand with your face to the wall and press the button there. That will bring you back."

Carl had earlier anticipated this moment of orders and had made up his mind. "I'm not coming back," he said.

"Let's not have any of that," the voice said. "Get over there and press the button."

"No! I'm not coming back. I'm staying with her."

"Don't be ridiculous, Winslow. The girl arrived back here a good two hours ago."

Carl was stunned. He glanced around the room. There was no trace of her — clothes, everything was gone. They must have sent someone down after her. It was just like Central Command to know immediately when something went wrong. They hadn't counted on Diane falling in love and when they realized that things were out of hand they came after her. He rushed to the wall, closed his eyes and pressed the button.

He materialized before the main reception desk and the well-groomed receptionist greeted him. "Good to have you back, Winslow."

"Where is she?"

"Where is who?"

"Diane. You brought her back." His voice was rising and he clutched the edge of the desk. "I want to see her."

"Now just a minute, Winslow . . ."

"No," he shouted. "No minutes! I want to see her."

"Calm down, Winslow," the receptionist said. "You've had your little excursion, now why don't you just leave well enough alone?"

"No, damn you!" He reached over and grabbed the man by the lapels, lifting him out of his chair. "I want to see her, do you hear? Now! I want to see her."

"Stop shaking me," the man squealed. "I'll let you see her." Carl released him and the reception-

ist smoothed the lapels. He glared. "Okay, you asked for it. Follow me."

He led the way down the hallway beyond the reception room and Carl followed. They passed the Marital Selector room and entered a television screening room. "Hal," the receptionist barked to the attendant there, "Get Diane on the screen."

"Diane," the technician repeated. "Any idea where she is?"

"Tropic Island," the receptionist said. "She always goes there for the 'planned vacation'."

Carl leaned back against the wall for support. A fist-like knot of cold fear collected in his entrails and seemed to hammer at him. He held his breath. He knew. His heart pounded furiously. He wanted to stop the man from turning the dials, but he couldn't move. He had loved as all men want to love — completely and selfishly. Instinctively he had sought the starched innocence of fumbling first love — the perpetual Becky Thatcher — and just as instinctively he had consumed the image in the heat of passion, his ego rising to assure him that it was just for him. The screen came into focus. He wanted to turn away, but an inner compulsion kept his eyes on the screen. There was the beach, the palms, the girl. A close-up. The smiling, hungering mouth staring up at the man at her side.

An angry snarl escaped his throat and Carl wrenched himself away from the wall and plunged into the hallway. He ran blindly, the sobs shaking his body. He crossed the reception room and stumbled out into the street.

"Here y'are gents, step right up. Just a dime, one tenth of a dollar."

The tears streaming over his face, Carl ran across the street, his hand digging into his pocket for the change. The rage in him was uncontrollable. A woman, any woman — he wanted to kill all women. He slammed his money on the counter. He sought one of the naked girls. He gazed at her and his hate began to ebb. How could he kill?

And before his eyes the girl changed. She was still naked, her full, high breasts were ringed. There was a small target on her forehead. She still laughed and taunted him. But it wasn't just a female mocking him. Her body was slimmer, younger. Her face was Diane's face, the horrible laugh, her laugh.

A growl started deep in his throat and his hand curled over the nearest rock. □

HIGHWAY PHANTOM

BY HOWARD HARRISON

With your mind on your girl, and your foot on the gas . . .

TOM BURNETT could hardly have asked for a finer Spring day. The sky was cloudless, the convertible top was down and the road ahead clear and straight. Best of all was the thought of June waiting for him only twenty miles away. In only twenty minutes she'd be in his arms again reliving the glories of the night before, he mused. "What a girl. . ."

Eighteen miles to go. Suddenly, the sight of a state trooper flagging him to a halt snapped him from the bed to reality.

"Ya goin' to a fire, Mac?" queried the cop.

"She's no fire," snapped Tom indignant at the reference and thoroughly amazed that he had been stopped. He had seen no police cars.

"Sixty-six is pretty fast on this road."

"But I wasn't do . . ."

"Save it sonny. The black box doesn't tell any lies."

Until about ten years ago, the odds of Tom's being caught and convicted hovered at a game 5-2. Suddenly, they skidded to a risky 1-10 as a genius-type electronics engineer connected a few wires and tubes. He trotted to a nearby highway with an enforcement officer, made a quick sale and soon retired off the profits from repeat orders.

Since then, drivers have shuddered at the sight of this little black box. Officially referred to as a *radar speed meter*, the device, hardly larger than an executive's attache case, offered the police a virtually foolproof device for detecting speeders.

The driving populace let out a collective wail . . . "Unfair . . . Dirty Play . . . Speed Traps . . . Illegal . . ." The stern-faced pronouncements of judges across the land have virtually silenced the most vehement objectors.

To be fair, it must be said that the majority of the grumbling came from people quite unfamiliar with both the operation and application of radar. For instance, a Texas farmer caught driving without a license wanted to know how the radar knew he didn't have a license. His companion complained that he was so shot full of electronics that he could hardly stand up. Similarly, a matronly woman driver whined to apprehending officers that when she passed a "Speed Checked By Radar" sign her car immediately slow down from 65 to 50 and there was nothing she could do to make it go faster.

Radar doesn't lurk in tree tops, nor is it operated from roadside signs, central police barracks or powerlines. The complete \$1500 speed meter consists of three parts . . . a radio transmitter/receiver, a speed meter and a graphic recorder.

(Continued on the following page.)



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SID LATHAM

*you'll wind up before a judge.
The black box doesn't lie*

In operation, radar is invisible since the driver can never see or detect the beam which catches him speeding. The black box (transmitter/receiver) sends out a radio wave on one frequency in frequencies of the wave when it was sent out and when it returns determines how fast the car was going.

College physics professors will recognize this as the Doppler principle which is also the physical explanation for the change in the sound of a train whistle as it approaches the listener. Military radar also works on this principle.

Since the detecting wave travels at the speed of light, it measures the speed of the car before it has even travelled a distance equal to the width of this paper. Even if a driver hits the brakes as soon as he sees the police, it's too late.

Enforcement agencies proudly boast that the only way to beat radar is to drive within speed limits. However, before any recent purchasers of Jaguars panic, it's not as simple as that. True, court trials where radar evidence has been properly presented have resulted in convictions in some 97 to 100 percent of cases. But, where it hasn't been, the driver wins.

The courts of all states accept radar evidence.

The big catch comes in whether or not they accept it as prima facie evidence. Pennsylvania, for instance, requires a full ¼ miles pace on speeding vehicles as sufficient evidence. Radar in Pennsylvania remains as a detection device rather than one for apprehending or convicting.

States such as New York have similar laws with some exceptions. For instance, the Empire State allows radar as prima facie evidence in connection with violations on the state thruways, but not on

other highways. Similarly specific towns have their own codes concerning legal acceptance of radar. Other states such as Ohio require that signs be clearly posted where radar is being used and such evidence must be presented in court before conviction.

Generally speaking, the laws regarding the acceptance of radar as prima facie evidence or simply additional evidence are as varied as the bulk of interstate motor vehicle codes.

By now the courts are fully aware of the obvious defenses. Claims of improper operation are easily countered by police testimony that the device had been operating properly in tests conducted before and after the defendant's car had been timed. Similarly, the device has been accepted as have other scientific measures such as blood tests and fingerprints. Also, it is all but impossible to construe use of radar as entrapment.

The driver's best chances of winning a court case is one where the officer has picked out the wrong car or when several cars are moving through the radar zone simultaneously. Usually, the police choose to ignore such cases rather than risk losing in court. Don't get the impression that speeding past a line of cars guarantees safe passage. Radar tends to pick up the fastest car up to 100 mph and visual observation indicates which one it is. Vehicle size isn't a limiting factor either. The Amarillo, Texas, police clocked a fast-running airdale at 26 in a 25 mph zone!

The advent of radar filled the shelves of auto accessory shops with worthless anti-radar devices. The pseudo-scientific array involved special foil and/or marble packing for front hub caps, grounding chains, sprays, etc.

Foil whammied radar in World War II, but proved highly impractical for highway use. For one, it has to be placed ahead of the front of the car and shaken in some manner in order to disperse the radar beam. This isn't feasible from a styling and convenience standpoint. Throwing shredded foil from the driver's window isn't effective enough and is also a littering offense.

A transmitter is the only successfully physical means of beating radar. Sending a beam of 2455 megacycles would jam the police radar, but this subterfuge presents two separate problems. Cost, more than \$1000, and besides it would have to be licensed by the FCC lest the owner violate the stringent federal regulations.

Installing a receiver for detecting the radar beam circumvents the problem of licensing a transmitter. Unfortunately, it isn't sensitive enough to pick up the radar beam in time to enable a quick speed slow-down.

The fact that every radar set must be registered as a mobile radio station with the FCC protects the drivers since the FCC keeps close surveillance on all police transmitters. This guards the accuracy of the device. Similarly, few roadside JPs dare tangle with the feds.

It is possible that a driver can beat radar if he proves that the machine was illegally licensed or not licensed at all. No test cases have been tried as yet on this point, but it would be worth a lawyer's time to investigate this angle. A second-class radio operator's license is required to do any repairs or adjustments on the meter although no special license is required for operation.

Lawyers should also be wary of the borderline speeding cases. Eastern Industries, major producer of radar speed meters, boasts accuracy within 2 percent and this is the figure which courts accept. (Tests at Cornell University have proved the device accurate to within 1 percent.) This means acquittal to drivers accused of 36 in a 35 mile per hour zone.

The 2 percent allowance induces many enforcement agencies to give the driver the benefit of from 5 to 10 miles an hour. This constitutes reasonable judgment on their part rather than enforcement, but is certainly fair to the driver. The allowable margin varies from police force to police force so drivers must not count on such leeway as an escape.

Most police departments conducted lengthy public relations campaigns before instituting radar speed patrols. This included offering free speedometer checks via radar and a period when only warning cards were issued. Maryland held an 18-

The meter translates the differences in frequency between the sent and reflected waves directly to miles per hour. Police can read the dial and flag down speeders. The wave goes out in a ten degree cone which effectively covers all three lanes as far away as 150 feet. The beam always detects the fastest moving car within this range. Most often the fast-square transmitter-receiver unit is mounted on a tripod although many police departments prefer to hide it behind plexiglass in the trunks of unmarked cars.

month warning period before handing out summonses. Warning signs were placed four miles ahead of the actual radar positions. Speeds went down on psychological grounds alone.

An unchartered fraternity of radar-warners has developed with the advent of the black boxes. Truckers and drivers alike usually flash their lights to warn oncoming drivers of nearby radar. Contrary to what one may think, police are fully in favor of this. The major purpose of radar is to promote safety by a reduction in speeding. Whenever warnings by fellow motorists, radar speed signs or radar speed meters themselves do this, the police are happy.

While such constructive thinking has brought radar its greatest public acceptance, careless use of it has rightfully incited considerable criticism. The AAA, for one, recognizes the success of certain radar applications, but stands firm in its belief that the first use of radar should be in redetermining the present speed limits of the nation's highways. More important, the AAA feels that any use of radar be restricted "unless and until such devices

(Continued on page 64)



Sometimes when Rita is working out this big dream, the band is Count Basie's. Then, the beat is stronger and more pulsating, the interpretative dancing sexier.

"Lately, I've swung more to Basie," she says. "It's a more sexy, primitive beat and a strip's job is to be sexy, to excite the guys out front." She paused, then added with a brilliant smile. "And don't let anyone kid you, she gets a big charge out of doing it too."

Most strips disagree violently. The average peeler, I discovered, takes the same dispassionate attitude toward the sex she is serving up and the lust she's working to incite as a manicurist does toward the fingers she's buffing. Even while running their fingers voluptuously over their breasts or bumping and grinding through a reasonable facsimile of the sex act, their thoughts are a thousand miles away.

Like the gorgeous Grable, another rare and exciting exception is a sultry brunette who raises temperatures under the nom de strip of The Sizzling Comet. A vibrant, sparkling lass of twenty-four, the Comet has been working up primitive thoughts in audiences from Los Angeles to Montreal for the past four years, and cheerfully announces that her mind has been on sex practically every working night.

"When I started," she says, "I was terrible. If I hadn't been young and fresh-looking, I'll bet I would have been booed off the stage. As it was, I stayed on and got better—but not much. The trouble was I was a little ashamed of myself. Then one day I said to myself, 'What's going on here? If you're going to be a stripper, be a good stripper. The main idea of the whole thing is to be sexy, so be the sexiest damn stripper in the show.'"

"So, now, when I'm on, I'm thinking about how sexy I feel. I give it the sexy works—my eyes get heavy, I writhe as if I were in ecstasy, I get down on the floor and bump and grind and reach out to the audience."

"The way I figure it, if you're out there selling sex, the idea of sex, you've got to go with it all the way, in your mind as well as with your body. And, brother, when I'm out there, sex is what I'm selling."

But Comet is the exception. The majority of strips, from the truly talented to the most awkward strol-

lers, have other things on their minds.

Winnie Garrett, a tall, voluptuous type who used to be billed as "The Flaming Redhead" but who has recently switched her hair color to a soft sort of silver-blond and will probably have to change her billing to something like "The Blistering Blonde," used to spend a lot of her time onstage brooding about music—and not the thudding beat the drummer was thumping out behind her as she bumped her way out of her costume. Winnie was, when fully clothed, the founder and president of Garrett Music, Inc., which also released records on the King label.

"I'd be thinking what's the matter with 'Kala-Kala' or some other tune we'd published," she said. "Thoughts like, why do they always have to buy Sinatra or Como. What's wrong with our singers?"

Since putting the music business behind her, Winnie's onstage musings are more likely to be concerned with the magnificent, hand-grown garden surrounding her suburban New Jersey home.

"But for the first few minutes out there," she adds, "I'm counting the house. I generally work on a percentage deal and I want to know for sure what the score is."

Georgia Sothern, probably the most dynamic stripper of all time, is another house-counter. After the inventory is over, her thoughts, when they aren't jarred loose by her frenetic, machine-gun bumps, are likely to turn to baseball if it's summer—"about baseball, I'm like Tallulah Bankhead or Ethel Barrymore"—or a book she plans to write.

"I'm going to call it 'I'm Looking At You' and it's going to be burlesque from the stripper's point of view. I keep making mental notes every time I'm on."

Vivienne Morgan, a dynamic damsel with unbelievably black hair who is billed as "The Lady from Park Avenue," a thoroughfare she blithely admits she has never set foot on, also thinks about the audience, but concentrates on the women out front.

"If I can get them laughing—sort of chuckling—with me, I know I'm in," she says. "But there are laughs and laughs, and if I hear some dame going at it too strong, I always say to myself, 'What the hell

are you laughing at? You couldn't do what I do if you tried.'"

The closest approach to the Rodgers and Hart, or "Zip" type stripper is Sherry Britton, a pensive brunette who shares an elegant New York apartment with literally hundreds of books on such serious subjects as sociology, psychology, history and politics, and who has shared television panels with such certified eggheads as author Rex Stout and former U.S. Ambassador John S. Young to discuss such weighty matters as "Will World War become inevitable or will outbreaks be confined to localized warfare?" Sherry, who began taking it off in public at the now demolished People's Theatre on the Bowery at the age of thirteen, fainted in the wings after finishing her first strip.

In those early days, Sherry's thoughts were a confusion of worries: "Isn't the floor slippery? I know I'm going to fall. I'm going too fast; I hope the music will finish when I do." After she switched to night clubs, she became acutely conscious of, and terrified by, the audience.

"In the theatres, it was as though there was a wall between you and them," she explained, "but in the clubs, you were right up against them. You could see their faces as plain as day and you could hear what they were saying. Once, during the first week I was at Leon and Eddie's, I heard a man say to the woman he was with, 'Now, take that girl there. You don't think she's a virgin, do you?' That should have floored me, but instead it made me mad and I danced over to his table, leaned over and said, 'I sure am.' Whether I was or not—and I was—it was none of his business."

To round off our investigation, we checked with Gypsy herself, who still indulges in a bit of satirical stripping in the better casinos of Las Vegas; Reno; Wildwood, New Jersey; and London, England, between bouts with the typewriter, the legitimate stage and the movies. Did she still—or, for that matter, had she ever—flirted mentally with Lippmann, Schopenhauer, Stokowski and the rest while "shaking the beads," as she describes her act?

"Why, honey don't be silly," she trilled. "When you're working, you've got your mind on your work, thinking about what you're going to do next. Any girl who gets mixed up with Schopenhauer on stage is going to wind up with her . . . well, you know, caught in a zipper." □



"Everytime he wakes up it's another mouth to feed!"

ing his own confusion with a snort of disgust. "Whaddya want, a private dressing room? Yeah, Bert, I'll take some coffee. Put a shot of bourbon in it—it's kind of chilly in here."

Bert poured the coffee and laced it with bourbon while Chuck turned his back on Randy. Somehow, it wasn't quite the kick he'd expected. He drank his coffee slowly, careful to keep his back toward the trembling, wraith-like girl with the haunting gray eyes.

Bert was thoroughly enjoying Randy's fumbling embarrassment. Finally, when Chuck couldn't take Bert's happily lecherous expression any longer, he turned around.

Randy was standing where she had been before, but with her back toward them. Her clothes lay in a heap at her feet. With shivering fingers she finished fastening the thin strand of elastic that ran around her hips, holding shimmering black nylon panels in place. Then she stood quietly with her head bowed, her hands clenched at her sides.

"C'mon, baby," Bert laughed. "Let's have a look!"

Slowly, with her eyes tightly closed, Randy turned to face them. If she had reeked of sex in the first place, it was nothing compared to the effect of the costume. The transparent net halter and saucy nylon panels suited her to perfection.

Chuck stepped up and put his hand on her shoulder. She recoiled from his touch.

"Relax kid," he said softly. "Think of all that money. Here—drink this."

She stared at his coffee cup. "I—I don't drink," she said weakly.

"It won't hurt you. Keep you warm."

Without further protest she swallowed the contents of the cup.

He led her to a chair and sat her down. Randy looked pleadingly at him for a moment. Chuck hastily averted his eyes. "Damn!" he said, his voice a bit too loud. "It's cold in here! Bert, build us a couple more drinks!"

"The goddam furnace has been going for half an hour, Roomy. I hope it warms up by the time our noble clients get here."

"So do we, lover," Edith commented darkly.

Each girl had brought a hatbox containing two sheets, pillow and

pillowcase. Now they selected their beds and made them up. The blankets were folded neatly at the foot of each bed—they'd be needed later, but not at the moment. Bert gave a short pep talk just before the customers arrived. Chuck wondered if his roommate was really sure what was going to happen—an orgy or a football game.

As Bert finished his little lecture, Randy came over to Chuck and put her arms around him.

"Hold me, Chuck," she said quietly. "Hold me tight."

She was trembling. "What's the matter, baby—stage fright?"

She shook her head and put her lips close to his ear. "I don't want anybody but you. D'ya hear me?"

Chuck forced a laugh. "Sorry, honey—I don't have a hundred bucks."

"I love you, Chuck."

"You've had too much to drink."

"No I haven't. I love you."

He pushed her gently away from him. "You just be a good girl tonight and earn your loot. We'll talk about it later."

Randy pouted. "You don't love me, do you? You don't even like me!"

"Sure I love you, honey. We'll talk about it later, huh?"

It was a real orgy . . .

The girls were good, judging from the satisfied expressions of the customers as they finally departed. When the last client had left, Bert counted the take and whooped with delight. It was three o'clock in the morning and the world was an exceedingly fine place to be, according to the stocky ex-Marine.

Chuck didn't feel that way at all as he made his rounds delivering coffee and sandwiches to the exhausted girls.

"Jesus!" Connie said tiredly as he handed her a ham-and-cheese. "Any more coming in?"

He shook his head and grinned weakly at her. "Not unless you want me."

"Not tonight, honey—at least not for an hour or so. Okay?"

Edith, in the next room, looked at him with a sleepy expression of triumph. "Well, well, well," she said. "How'd we do?"

"Fine," he said. "Hungry?"

"Starved! Hey—where's Bert?"

"I'll see if I can find him for you," Chuck promised, and went on to the next room.

Randy was curled up in a tight little ball in the middle of her bed, the covers wrapped closely around her.

"Randy?"

"Go away!"

"I've got some food if you're hungry."

"Don't ever touch me again! Get out!"

He left a sandwich and cup of coffee inside the door.

Bert had a drink waiting for him when he returned, and was quietly singing, off-key, "When you come to the end uv-v-v-v a per-r-r-fect day—! Roomy, have a drink! Did they all survive?"

Chuck grinned. "Thanks, I think I will. Yeah, they're still breathing, anyway. By the way, where do we sleep?"

"Anywhere your little heart desires, my lad. Take your pick."

Chuck thoughtfully finished his drink and held up a protesting hand when Bert tried to pour him another. "Oh, incidentally—Edith wants you."

* * *

Chuck sat in the kitchen for a long time, looking at the half-dead bottle of bourbon, listening to the sounds of his own breathing as the house gradually quieted down. In the distance he could hear a muffled sobbing. Just how drunk, he wondered, was Randy at the end of Bert's pep talk?

He felt cheap. As long as he wasn't alone everything was all right, but here in the oppressive silence of the kitchen with Randy's stifled sobs underscoring his self-examination, he developed a strong dislike for Charles Austin Hansen.

You're nothing but a goddam pimp, he told himself. Even if you're not getting a cut. You're in the same class with dope peddlers and con men who specialize in swindling sweet little old ladies.

He killed another shot of the bourbon, wishing that little gray-eyed wraith would stop her idiotic blubbing. She had said she loved him. He wondered what it could have been if he'd had guts enough to take her out of there before anything happened.

He turned out the kitchen light and walked down the corridor. As he reached Randy's door, the sobbing stopped. Quietly, he opened the door.

"Randy," he whispered.

No response. Cautiously he crossed the room and felt for the edge of the bed. As his eyes ad-

justed to the darkness, he thought he could see her there, her haunted eyes wide open, staring up at him from the depths of her disgrace.

"Chuck?" she asked in a tiny, wavering voice.

"Yeah, it's me." He sat down on the bed.

She sat up next to him and put her arms around him. "Stay with me," she said. "Don't ever leave me."

She clung to him desperately, sobbing against his chest. After a while he took off his clothes and got in bed. A long time later he went to sleep.

* * *

"Randy doesn't work tonight," he told Bert Thornton.

Bert looked at him as if Chuck had just raped his sister. "What's the matter, Roomy? You off your rocker?"

They were alone in the kitchen. Outside, the girls had spread their blankets on the grass and were absorbing energy from the life-giving early afternoon sun. A row of unkempt bushes screened the house and barn from the road, so the girls stretched lazily in their pelts.

"Here, boy, sit down and start over. What do you mean, Randy doesn't work?"

"Just what I said."

"But she promised, Roomy—she promised. And we've got a load of sex-happy football players due to arrive at midnight. We promised them five girls and that's what they're gonna get."

"You'll have to do it without Randy. Find somebody to take her place."

"Now? Impossible!" Bert thoughtfully rubbed his chin and regarded Chuck with a baleful eye. "Hey—just what gives between you and Randy?"

"None of your business. But she's not gonna work tonight."

Bert started to laugh.

"What's so funny?"

"You, you sap! Imagine! My roommate, flippin' his cork over a cheap little apprentice whore! Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Chuck leaped to his feet, knocking the chair over backwards. "Why you—!"

"Chuck!" Randy's voice lanced across the room, stopping him just as he was about to launch an angry left hook. He whirled and stared at her.

Randy stood in the kitchen doorway, her blanket draped demurely around her body. "He's right,

Chuck. That's what I am—an apprentice whore. It's something I've never done before, but I'm doing it now."

"I'm taking you back to campus."

"No, Chuck. Something else I've never done before is to go back on my word. I promised to work the full weekend, and I will. Besides," she added, "I need the money."

"Then last night—" he began.

"Last night was a mistake," she said. "Don't worry about it."

Randy Smith worked that night, as she had promised. In fact, she outdid herself in an attempt to make up for her previous performance.

Chuck couldn't take it; he left early and returned to town, where he managed to get gloriously drunk. He wasn't aware until after it had

happened that Randy quit school three days later. When he did find out, he got drunk again, and proclaimed loudly to anyone who would listen that all women were sluts at heart if you only gave them a chance to prove it.

* * *

Chuck didn't say much after that, but he got drunk a little too often in the next year and a half. He never again had anything to do with "parties," although Bert stayed active "redistributing the wealth."

Chuck Hansen graduated, eventually, and married a girl who seems to adore him, and who devotes her time to being a good wife and an excellent mother. But Chuck isn't happy. He's still brooding over a little girl who looked as if she was on her way to Confirmation □



"I just had a hunch you'd like this pattern!"



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL WAGNER

Jeanne Patrick

gets away from it all

GIRL ALONE

It was Garbo, many years ago, who made the "I want to be alone" line famous. And she set about proving it. Now, here's another beauty who also enjoys being alone — and who has another trait in common with the great movie queen Garbo: CAPER's gal here also loves the movies. But at this point the comparison ends. Our gal, Jeanne Patrick, is no blonde Swede. She's a ravishing New York redhead who wants to be a big hit in the movies and is acquiring dancing and other show-business techniques as a Hollywood and Las Vegas show girl.



*Like Garbo, Jeanne
wants to be alone.
Unlike Garbo, though,
it isn't every-day*



Jeanne's alone kick is only a some-
times thing. It's a mood that comes
over her about once a month and
is prompted by the hectic life of a
successful show girl. The seemingly
endless hours of rehearsals—get-
ting a current show down pat or
working out new ideas for the next
show—can be mighty tiring. Then
there's the usual crowds that can
be found wherever night spots are
open. Not that Jeanne minds the
crowds and work. It's a part of any
climb up the ladder. But just as
everyone else likes to get away, so
too does Jeanne. Her favorite hide-
away: a short strip of ocean front—
rocky, secluded—in California.



have been thoroughly tested and approved by state and local agencies . . . unless periodic rechecking is required . . . unless proper warning signs indicating the speed limit and use of radar are placed where such devices are being used . . ."

As far as local departments are concerned, the overwhelming economics in favor of radar more than overrule the AAA and its rational stand. Too many communities have squelched a major portion of their traffic problems with the use of radar. Long Beach, California reduced its traffic accidents by 25 percent in two months of radar use. Pasadena decreased its deaths by 28 percent and injuries by 22 percent. Issuance of 5500 radar summonses resulted in the Jersey turnpike cutting fatalities by 32 percent.

Staunton, Virginia, on the main north-south route in the east picked up an extra \$12,000 revenue by adding radar to its enforcement methods. Speeders arrested jumped from 96 in 1953 to 947 in 1954. Current annual figures run close to 1,300. With only two radar cars, Detroit cops nabbed 19,103 motorists. Radar is a money saver, too. Fewer men can patrol more territory. Similarly, radar usually eliminates the chase which often result in a wrecked cruiser.

For some communities these

statistics have been more of a curse than a cure. Too often agencies purchase a set, clean up the town's high accident areas and then put the set away until a citizen makes a complaint about excessive speeding. Another mistake occurs from thinking that radar will cure a town of its traffic ills.

Radar has played a major role in traffic flow study. In fact, some interesting data attesting to the sanity and safety of the average driver has been uncovered. A ten-month check on the ultra-fast Kansas Turnpike showed that drivers averaged close to 60 miles per hour even though the posted speed limit was 80. Only 1 percent of all cars ever exceeded the limit!

Grand Rapids, Michigan used radar to determine how much in-town speed limits should be upped. They found that the drivers tended to choose safe median speed and stick to it no matter what the posted limits were. Posted speeds went from 25 to 40 with no rise in accident rates or average speeds. A radar study by the New York University Traffic Institute showed that as speed limits increased, violations decreased.

Using speed measuring devices to properly determine speed limits is nothing new. As early as 1906, the late Pop Warner brought his recently invented 'auto speedometer' to

New York City. Instead of the normal dash-size meter, he had a six foot tall replica mounted in the rear of a Stoddard-Dayton. Police saw that he was going 15, well above the posted 10 mile an hour limit. Warner received a summons to the surprise of the accompanying newsmen who knew full well the tourer was traveling slower than the rest of the traffic. Shortly thereafter, speed limits were raised.

The future uses of radar on the highway are virtually limitless. General Motors already has an experimental Unicontrol automobile which faithfully follows low frequency alternating current coming from a cable imbedded in the highway. Sensitive coils in the front bumper pick up the beam and transmit it to an analogue computer which in turn runs a servo system controlling the car's steering. Dr. Lawrence Hafsted, vice-president in charge of GM research staff calls this "the hardware stage of a system demonstrated in model form in 1953 by the Radio Corporation of America."

RCA's own Honorary Vice-president, Dr. V. K. Zworykin, helped supervise the recent installation of a 300 foot test section of radar highway in Nebraska. A modification of this system is used at the RCA labs to pick off speeders and warn them of their excessive speed by a system of lighted signs.

Both the Chrysler Corporation and Ford Motor Company are hard at work on electronic detection systems using radar principles. They give warning or actually control the brakes when one vehicle approaches another too fast. Bendix Aviation Corporation already has a commercially feasible radar device which serves this very purpose.

Meanwhile, variations of speedmeters are marketed daily. They include everything from simple pneumatic tubes (garden hoses) to the latest brainstorm tabbed the 'Foto Patrol.' This one snaps a picture of speeding cars showing their speed and license plate number. Clerks can mail the print to the offender and collect the fine by mail. Quite simple, eh, what!

As impressive as all this highway automation is, highways continue to claim better than 100 lives daily. The toll continues to rise threateningly regardless of the encouraging statistics attributed to radar. It seems that highway phantoms will be needed to keep America's drivers from becoming highway ghosts. ☐



"Of the entire graduating class she was voted 'the one most likely to!'"

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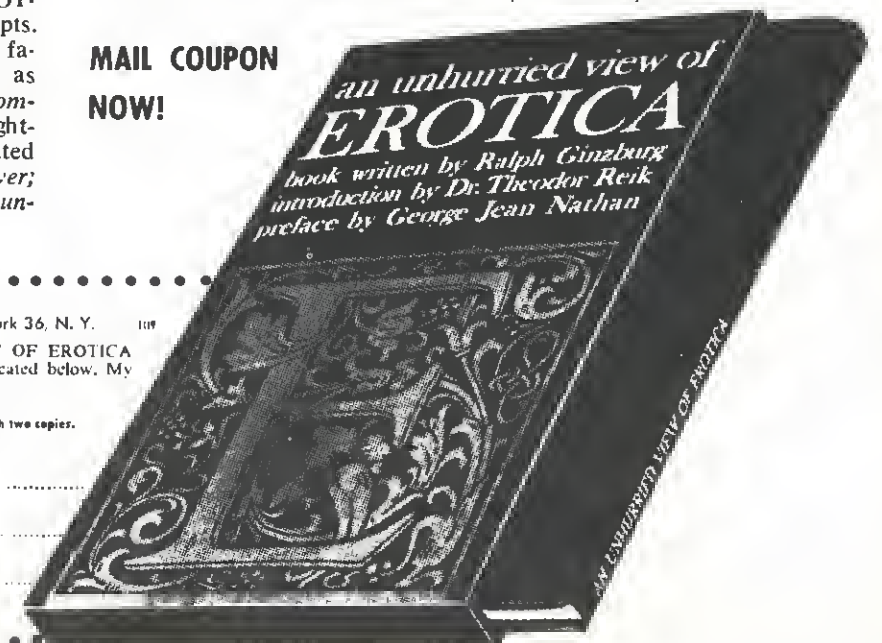
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